

NEW FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

£500
in Prizes.

STAR
TO-DAY

WHY IS
SHEFFIELD
UNITED?

£500
in
PRIZES
(See
Page 215).

PEARSON'S

£2,000
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY.

WHY
SHEFFIELD
UNITED?

£500
in
PRIZES
(See
Page 215).

No. 846.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 4, 1906.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

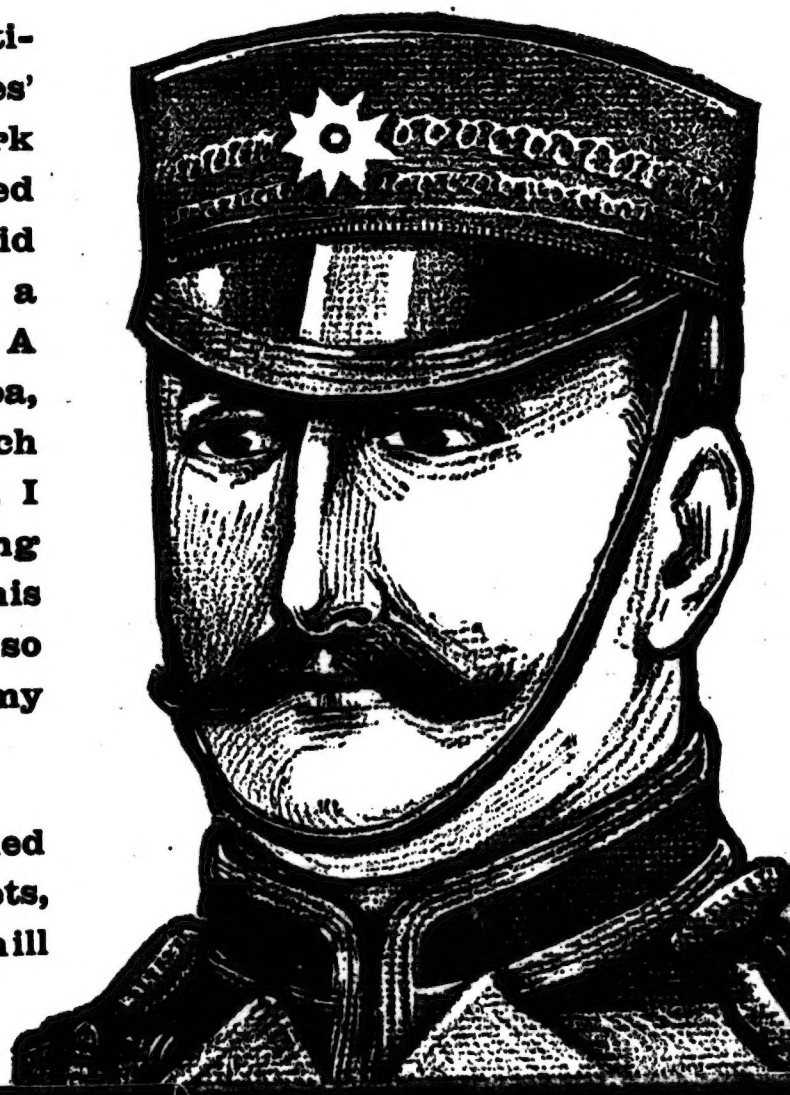
[PRICE ONE P

THIS BANDSMAN

says :

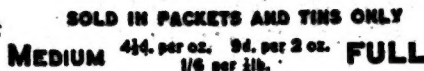
"I am writing to you to give you a testimonial to the value of the famous Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I have had some very heavy work to do lately, and before it was half finished I used to get so tired and languid that I did not know what to do with myself. I took a lot of medicine, but that did me no good. A friend recommended me to try some Vi-Cocoa, which I did, and in a few days I was much better, and now, after taking two packets, I can do a hard day's work without feeling tired a bit. You are at liberty to use this testimonial, and I should like you to use it so that other men in the service would see my poor testimony, and give Vi-Cocoa a trial."

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all grocers and stores in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1/6 tins; or from 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C. Dainty Sample Free. A postcard will do.



DR
TIBBLES'

VI-Cocoa



... ..

PLACES RUINED BY CANALS.

ST. HELENA, which is just now in despair over the threatened withdrawal of its garrison, was brought to the verge of ruin so long ago as 1869, when the Suez Canal was opened, and the mail steamers for India, Australia, and the Far East ceased in consequence to call there.

A similar calamity will in all likelihood overtake not a few South American ports when the Panama Canal is completed, and the stream of traffic that now flows backward and forward round Cape Horn is diverted therefrom.

For this is the inevitable sequel to the cutting of these artificial water-ways. Some places are benefited; others suffer correspondingly. Manchester's gain, for instance, through the completion of her pet project, the ship canal, has been Liverpool's loss.

The opening of the Baltic and North Sea Canal, again, has played havoc with Elensburg in Schleswig, and has adversely affected many Danish coast towns and ports. The lockless Corinth Canal saves two whole days in the voyage from the Adriatic to the Aegean Sea, and has brought unexampled prosperity to Patras, and to many once obscure fishing villages along the shores of the Gulf of Lepanto. But, on the other hand, it has retarded tremendously the development of Messenia, and of many other less well-known ports on the western and south-western coasts of the Morea.

"Oh, yes; our home is complete in every respect," said Mr. Proudman. "Here is our bawl-room," he continued, opening the door of the nursery.

GRUBS: "I've had an offer to go to work for a London wholesale house. What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Friend (after a careful inspection): "I think I should black 'em."

TEACHER: "What is the meaning of the word 'excavate'?"

Small Pupil: "It means to hollow out."

Teacher: "Correct. Now form a sentence in which the word is properly used."

Small Pupil: "Stick a pin in a boy and he will excavate."

He (returning from a long journey): "And, pray, how did you feel during my absence? You will have missed me very much!"

She: "Oh, no! Every night I took some of your old clothes and scattered them about the floor, then I found a few cheap cigars in your study, trampled the mud out of the street all over the stairs, and then it just felt as if my sweet, darling husband were at home."

TO ONE CURE—\$50,000.

JUST now, when the papers are full of stories of the difficulties doctors find in making both ends meet, the glad case of Dr. Richard Bier, of Berlin, comes as a pleasant surprise.

Summoned all the way from Germany to attend the Sultan of Turkey in his recent illness, he received, in addition to a fee of £5,000, carpets valued at £400, and a gold and diamond-studded cigar-case and three gold and silver medals.

Of course, however, this by no means establishes a record in big medical fees. Money kings nowadays are able to afford to pay more than just ordinary crowned ones. The late Phillip J. Armour, of Chicago, paid the Austrian Dr. Lorenz ("the bloodless surgeon") £15,000 for curing his little daughter of hip disease. Jay Gould monopolised the services of a private doctor at a salary of £3,000 a year, and "extras"; Mr. Whitney paid £5,000 for a week's attendance.

Nevertheless, royalties as patients are worth cultivating. Sir Morell Mackenzie's "little account" for attending the Emperor Frederick in his last illness is said to have totalled up to £14,000. Dr. Dubois, the Italian specialist, was made a baron for bringing into the world the King of Rome, and received in addition a lump sum of £4,000, and a substantial increase in his already large salary as Court Physician.

While, so long ago as the reign of the Empress Catherine of Russia, the first Baron Dimsdale, for a few hours' attendance on that erratic lady, received his title, £10,000 in cash, an annuity of £500 a year for life, and £1,000 for the expense of his journey between London and St. Petersburg and back.

The largest fee ever paid was that given to Dr. James Gale, for curing a wealthy patient of some knee trouble. The fee he received was £50,000.

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A Five Pound Note is offered this week for one of the SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Tickets. Is it the one you slipped into your waistcoat pocket some time ago? It may be. This week's SMITH'S WEEKLY gives its number.

FOOTBALL BURGLARS.

ACCORDING to Detective-Inspector Fowler, the "Never Club" is the very latest thing in hooligan associations. Its members are pledged never, under any circumstances, to do any work whatever. "They play football in winter, and cricket in the summer," deposed the officer the other day, "and go burgling at night."

Unathletic people might be forgiven for opining that such a programme, if conscientiously carried out, would necessitate the expenditure of a far greater amount of energy than most of us devote to our ordinary work. That other famous hooligan club, the "Amalgamated Sons of Rest," never made any pretence at playing games. They devoted all their attention to fighting and thieving.

Still, the "Nevers" appear to have done so pretty successfully up till now, only three of their members having been arrested. And these, now that the football season has begun, will only be called upon to exchange goals for goals.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

She held the china steadily
In her bewitching way.
I came upon her suddenly
When Dolly held the tray.

I saw her blue eyes warning flash,
Heard her defiant "Nay,"
But thought that I would risk a crash
When Dolly held the tray.

I'd often asked her for a kiss,
She'd always slipped away,
Until that time I tasted bliss
When Dolly held the tray.

Sweet kisses oft did I cajole
On many a later day,
But ne'er forgot the first I stole
When Dolly held the tray.

FOR THE PUBLIC'S BENEFIT.

JACK, who was a sailor, had one day been painting some railings, and had put under it "Whet Paynte."

A friend of his coming along, and knowing that Jack was by no means a good scholar, thought to take the rise out of him, and said:

"You don't spell it that way, Jack."

But Jack answered him thus: "Well, shure, don't I just know it; only, you see, if I spelt it right nobody would notice it."

WHERE THE MATTER ENDED.

It was the blissful half-hour after dinner, and a group of workmen were beguiling the time with an argument on some question or other.

An interesting deadlock had been reached, when one of the men on the losing side turned to a mate, who had remained silent during the whole of the debate.

"Ere, Bill," he said, "you're pretty good at a argyment. Wot's your opinion?"

"I ain't a-goin' to say," said Bill. "I thrashed the matter out afore with Dick Grey."

"Ah!" said the other artfully, hoping to entice him into the fray, "and what did you arrive at?"

"Well, e-venchually," said Bill, "Dick 'e arrived at the ospital, an' I arrived at the perlice-station."

No more arguments for him.

AN UNEXPECTED OWNER.

NEARLY all the giddy youth of the neighbourhood attended the charity bazaar, and one by one they drifted to a stall where a tiny, shapely, scented, grey kid glove reposed on a satin cushion. Attached to the cushion was a notice written in a delicate feminine hand, which ran: "The owner of this glove will, at 7.30 this evening, be pleased to kiss any person who purchases a sixpenny ticket beforehand."

Tickets were purchased by the score, and at 7.30 a long row of sheepish, not to say doggish, young bloods, was assembled outside the stall.

Then, punctual to the moment, old Tom Porson, the local pork-butcher, who weighs twenty stone, and is almost as beautiful as a side of bacon, stepped to the front of the stall.

"Now, young gents," he said, in his best "Buy, buy, buy," tones, "this 'ere glove belongs to me. I bought it this morning. Now, I'm ready for you. Come on! Don't be bashful! One at a time!"

But nobody came on.

\$195,000 FOR A PATENT.

It was recently reported from America that James Devlin, a locomotive fireman, has been paid £195,000 for his method of making rotary engines reversible.

This is quite believable, if Devlin's invention really accomplishes that which it is credited with doing, for the improvement—long sought after by inventors—enhances enormously the value of the steam turbine.

But all the same, the amount paid, assuming the figures are as stated, probably constitutes a record, although, of course, more money has been made in the long run out of inventions by inventors who have been smart enough to retain for themselves the whole fruits of their labours.

Charles Depoele, for instance, who elaborated the idea of the trolley car, is a millionaire to-day, although not long since he was a mechanic, working for a weekly wage. Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype machine, and also at one time a weekly wage earner, affords another instance in point; as does also Westinghouse, who sold a part interest only in his brake for £120,000, retaining for himself the principal share.

Then, again, there is a case of the Bradford boot-maker—Blakey was his name—who made £100,000 out of an iron boot-protector; H. Cook, who invented the cash register till, and who is now able to take life easy, confident that on each one sold he will receive a royalty of eight shillings; and L. G. Crowell, once a printer's labourer, but now a wealthy man, owing to his having invented a new folder for magazines and newspapers which for quickness and efficiency beat easily all contrivances of the kind then in the market.

"JESSIE, I've told you again and again not to speak when older persons are talking; but wait until they stop."

"I've tried that already, mamma. They never do stop."

"You seem upset, Mr. Minge," said a customer to the grocer.

"I am. The inspector of weights and measures has just been in."

"Ha, ha! He caught you giving fifteen ounces to the pound, did he?"

"Worse than that. He said I'd been giving seventeen!"

VISITOR: "I do hope that poor Jack, your brother, does not grieve too much at my having broken our engagement. I feel sure he must be very unhappy. What did he say, dear?"

The Sister: "Oh, he said what a jolly lucky thing it was you broke it off this week instead of next, as it saved him from having to buy you a birthday present!"

LIVES SPENT IN DODGING DEATH.

GENERAL TREPOFF, Russia's dead dictator, is not the only celebrity who has died a natural death, although repeatedly in danger of a violent one from assassination.

Prince Bismarck survived eight—some say nine—attempts to murder him. Queen Victoria thrice withstood unharmed the fire of would-be assassins—Oxford in 1840, Beaulieu in 1842, and Macclesfield in 1882.

King Milan of Serbia, who died peacefully in Vienna in 1901, was shot at thirteen times in seventeen years. The Irish Invincibles, in the stormy days of the Land League, made five futile attempts to murder the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, then Chief Secretary.

Orsini with his bombs, and at least half-a-dozen other political fanatics with knives and pistols, tried unsuccessfully to kill Napoleon III.; and amongst the attempts made to murder his predecessor, King Louis Philippe, may be mentioned those by Fieschi in 1836, Alibaud and Meunier in 1856, Darmes in 1840, Pelletaux in 1842, Delacourt in 1843, and Henry in 1846.

Yet both men died peacefully in their beds; as did also Napoleon, whom many conspirators tried to blow up with infernal machines, stab with knives, and shoot with pistols.

Amongst living rulers, our own King Edward has been once fired at, by the anarchist Sipido in 1900; King Alfonso of Spain has had two bombs thrown at him; the Emperor of Austria's life was attempted by Libenzi in 1853, and by Overdank in 1892; the Sultan of Turkey has been four times shot at, and once escaped scathless from a bomb explosion; while the Tsar, whose "removal" is being daily planned by revolutionaries all over Russia, has so far escaped unharmed, although on one occasion a cannon loaded with grape shot was fired point-blank at him from a distance of a few hundred yards.

A BRILLIANT SERIES.

THE DIARY OF A BABY.

Being a Free Record of the Unconscious Thought of Rosalys Yoolde Smith, aged One Year.

By BARRY PAIN.

(This series commenced in No. 838 of P.W. Back numbers may be had for twopenny each on application to the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)

CHAPTER XVI. (continued.)

I SAW Tommy to-day for the first time since my illness. She brought her aunt and nurse with her. Uncle Templeton also came to-day. I was very careful not to look as if I expected anything from him, and that is just as well. He did bring a beautifully-bound copy of "Imaginary Portraits" with him; but I suppose he changed his mind; anyhow, he did not give it to me; he gave it to Aunt Maud. Something will have to be done to remind that man that he has got a little god-daughter. I am told that he sent telegrams when I was ill; I should admire that more if I could eat telegrams, or play games with them.

It has been too cold to go out, but Tommy and I have had a most interesting talk in front of the nursery fire. I gather from Tommy that she was sorry to hear that I was ill, and that she sent me immediately one part of a scidlitz powder, and a clockwork lizard. Either from an accident in the post, or from interference on the part of my medical advisers, these luxuries never reached me; but I appreciated the kind intention.

Tommy tells me that she notices great changes in her establishment. Her aunt has practically given up nerves. Tommy says that she does not suppose one commercial carboy of sal volatile has been consumed in the place in the last six weeks. Lectures seem to have lost ground, too. Aunt Maud was asked to subscribe to a series, ten only this time, on "The Child's Ideals: and How we may Mould them," and she said she was too busy for that kind of thing. Poetry, on the other hand, has got much worse. There is more of it, and, as Tommy says, you never know when you may come up against it. Aunt Maud has even taken to reading it aloud, while Tommy is having dinner. Tommy says that this is not right, and believes that it causes acidity of the waist-band. It is all right to be read to sleep with poetry; that is sound practice, and it works quicker than anything else. Tommy's only time when she is absolutely safe from having her ear attuned to sweet cadences is when Aunt Maud is busy with the dressmaker. Fortunately, she has been very frequently busy with the dressmaker of late.

Tommy was much impressed with the heeps and heaps of toys that I had from papa while I was ill. She questioned me also as to other privileges accorded to invalids, and more particularly as to diet during convalescence. Then she seemed to get very thoughtful. "Yes," she said, "that doesn't sound bad. I wonder I never thought of going in for it. Well, one can but try. Would you oblige me by showing me how you used to cough?"

I did my best. As I have already pointed out, a cough is about the most perverse thing in nature. It comes when you don't want it. Similarly, when you do want it, it doesn't come. Tommy listened attentively, and practised the sound once or twice, but with no great success. "Never mind," she said, "I'll just play it for what it's worth."

So presently Tommy went up to her nurse and did a cough. Her nurse went on talking in whispers to my nurse, as if nothing had happened. Tommy coughed again, louder, with one hand on the throat, and the eyeballs turned upwards.

"Look here, you, Miss Thomasine," said her nurse, "when you see two people talking, don't you come and interrupt. Just you stop making them stupid noises, and go and play with that pretty little girl."

Tommy said that even while she was doing it, she felt that it was not quite right. The imitation of an imitation rarely succeeds. She supposed she would have to try some other disease. Could I tell her anything about those measles that people seem to think such a lot of? I could not. "Pity," said Tommy. "I believe I could do a pretty good measles, if anybody would show me what it sounded like. Never mind. It's just my luck."

Uncle Templeton was going back to London this evening. I thought I would say good-bye to him. There was just a thousand-to-one chance that he might have brought something for me after all, and then have forgotten about it. I came across papa, and said: "Uncle Templeton." Nurse herself says it is surprising how well I speak those words.

"If you want your Uncle Templeton," said papa, "I regret to have to tell you, Rosalys, that I don't know where he is. Neither do I know where your Aunt Maud is. Curious, ain't it? I should advise you to go and look for your Aunt Maud; if you are successful, you will also have found your Uncle Templeton, and you will have got yourself disliked." Then he grinned.

It is quite evident that there is something up. Can Uncle Templeton have gone mad, and be mistaking Aunt Maud for me? He comes to see me, at any rate he comes to my house. He does not bring

me a present, and he does not play with me. But he does play with Aunt Maud, and he does bring her a present. Tommy says that this idea must be wrong, because if Uncle Templeton were mad, he would certainly be kept chained up to a post. Possibly Tommy is right; she is older than I am, and doubtless knows more of the modern treatment of insanity. Besides, if he were really mad, papa would not have grinned. From the way they look at one another sometimes, I am inclined to think that papa and mamma have some private and mystic joke between them.

What were our two nurses whispering about this afternoon?

Yes, there is certainly some mystery about. I can feel it. Tommy says the air is heavy with approaching doom; but I think that this is an exaggeration.

CHAPTER XVII.

WELL, of course, it is just exactly as I foresaw all along. Uncle Templeton is going to marry Aunt Maud, and the wedding is to be next week.

I've thought the thing over, and I've decided not to make any fuss about it. I hope he understands that he has certain definite duties towards me, and that marriage does not release him from them. If he thinks that in future he can give everything to Aunt Maud, and nothing to me, he is in error. I shall wait and see.

Already it looks as if the natural order of things was to be reversed, for I understand that I am presenting Uncle Templeton on the occasion of his marriage with a silver tea-service. When I was first told this, I said "No," very emphatically, and several times over. But it has since been explained to me that mamma will choose the tea-service, and papa will pay for it, and in consequence I have withdrawn my opposition. Indeed, I hope that this act of generosity on my part may awaken his conscience.

Aunt Maud is to be married from her uncle's house in London. I did not know before that aunts could also be nieces, but so they tell me; one lives and learns. Mamma and papa are going to be at the wedding, and Tommy and I will stop here with our nurses.

This brings me to the really important part. Tommy is not going to live with Aunt Maud any more; she's going to live with us. This is splendid news. It is true that mamma does kiss Tommy rather more than I feel to be absolutely necessary; but then, I am getting used to that now. And Tommy is always somebody to play with and mess about with, and she is always telling me things I did not know before, and some of them are quite true. So I'm glad, and Tommy says she's most awfully glad. This really was the principal reason why I decided not to make any fuss about the marriage.

In fact I am rather sorry for some things, that I am not to be at the wedding. But I do not want to go in a train or a motor-car, because I am not sufficiently certain about the effect they may have on me. Put brutally, there are very few things that are worth being sick for. Tommy is quite stolid about it, and says that she does not care much either way; on the whole she would sooner stop here and keep me company. She says that weddings are no great catch any way. One would be mangled about by strangers, and have to see them eat a whole lot of things that one was not allowed to eat oneself. But my best wishes will be with Uncle Templeton and Aunt Maud on this solemn occasion, even if I cannot be actually present to see the clergyman sprinkle the water on their heads.

Papa and mamma will go up to London the day before on the motor-car. "And this time," papa said to me, "you'll have to lend us Miss Pöbling. By the way, we haven't seen her for an age. What have you done with her? Buried her?"

I laughed and shook my head. I laughed because I remember distinctly that there was a joke about Miss Pöbling, and that it was my joke. I remember, too, that she was a doll. I used to be very fond of her at one time. I was very young then. It was before I had ever seen the sea, or started playing at railway-trains with Tommy. What I positively cannot remember is what on earth I did with Miss Pöbling. But it doesn't matter; I've got lots of other dolls now.

"Yes," said my nurse, as she talked to Tommy's nurse, "you may be sure he didn't miss making his allusions to that."

"What did he say?" asked Tommy's nurse. "He said he'd heard the news, and I said there was nothing wonderful in that, because everybody had heard it now, and if I'd chosen to have opened my mouth he might have known it some time before. So he said that seeing it was to be, we'd better join

them and make a double event of it. Oh, he has got a cheek, that man has. You know, he makes me laugh, somehow, even when I'm angry with him."

"And what did you say?" asked Tommy's nurse. "Oh, something silly, I forget what. Yes, I know. I told him I'd wait a year or two, till he was properly grown up. So he began talking about his money, how he hadn't spent half his wages for the last two years. 'Perhaps not,' I says, 'and perhaps somebody else doesn't spend quite all she makes either. And if we wait another two years,' I says, 'there'll be all the more to start on, won't there?' So he said he thought I'd better take and marry Rothschild, and I told him I believed I might do worse."

"I say, you do go on, you two," said Tommy's nurse. "And what did he say then?"

"It wasn't so much what he said. I've told him that I won't have anything of that kind till we're properly engaged; but what's the good of making rules? He was too quick for me that time. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself."

"I suppose you never—"

"Practically never. And I shan't, either, till it's all fixed. If you don't respect yourself, who's going to respect you? That's what my old mother always said."

"True words, too."

"And that ain't the only reason for waiting. Mind you, I know what I'm going to tell you sounds idiotic. It is idiotic, too. But I've got so used to that kind there, and I know her ways better than any stranger would, and somehow or other I don't care about handing of her over until she's a bit older. Of course, when you come to look at it sensibly, there's no reason in it; but there it is."

Then she turned suddenly to me. "And what are you staring for, Miss Good-for-nothing? Thought I was talking about you, did you? Well, I just wasn't. And I'll tell you what, my popsy, if you don't stop sucking that riband, you'll get a spanking from me, and double quick, too."

I do not know how you are to discover whether the colour will come out of a riband or not, unless you do suck it. I have got into the habit of carrying on most of my researches with my mouth. However, I put the riband down. This was not because I feared the prestissimo form of physical correction which had been threatened, but because I am a nice, good little girl. In fact, I do not know why nurse should be rather ashamed of being fond of me. It seems to me myself to be perfectly natural.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE PIPS HAD STUCK.

THE lady of the house was giving a party, and, all the invited guests being assembled, the bell was rung for dinner. Bridget appeared with the first course, and began putting the dishes in place. A sudden exclamation from one of the guests caused the mistress to look up in surprise.

"Bridget," she cried, "whatever is the matter with your face?"

"Don't ye take any notice of me, mum an' ladies," said Bridget genially. "O'm only tryin' the strawberry-complexion cure O' read about in yer society paper, mum. You rub a strawberry on yer face, an' leaves the jooce on for a couple of hours. Only, not havin' any strawberries handy, I used a tomartho."

Mrs. Tump: "Did you ever find a man under the bed?"

Mrs. Bluff: "Yes; the night we thought there were burglars in the house, I found my husband there."

"He's killing himself with tobacco, you know. Doctor says he mustn't smoke more than one pipe a day."

"What does he do?"
"Smokes the same one."

TOOK IT FOR GRANTED.

A MERCHANT directed one of his clerks to hang out a "Boy Wanted" notice at the street entrance.

The card had been swinging in the breeze only a few minutes when a red-headed little lad climbed up to the merchant's office with the notice under his arm.

"I say, mister," he demanded of the merchant, "did you hang out this here 'Boy Wanted' notice?"

"I did," replied the merchant sternly. "Why did you pull it down?"

"Because," blurted out the lad—"why, I'm the boy!"

And he was.

"Miss Snoot says she's thirty, but I'm sure she is thirty-six, every year of it."

"Well, you see, she was six before she learned to count."

MURKINS to Maud: "Marie, when you have finished washing Toto, you must take care to dry him well. Then you'll brush him down properly, and wrap him up until he's quite warm. Then you may go and see why baby is crying so."

THE M. M. HARD AT WORK.

ACCORDING to his weekly letter, the Mysterious Millionaire and his assistants will be in the following towns between September 28th and October 4th:

NORTHFIELD.	WATH.	SPENNYMOOR.
KING'S	WOMBWELL.	NORTH-
NORTON.	ATHERTON.	ALLERTON.
MOSELEY.	LEIGH (Lancs.)	THIRSK.
KING'S	PENNINGTON.	RIPON.
HEATH.	EARLSTOWN.	HARROGATE.
CONIS-	TOW LAW.	OTLEY.
BOROUGH.	CROOK.	ILKLEY.
MEX-	BYERS	BINGLEY.
BOROUGH.	GREEN.	SHIPLEY.

Over and above these towns, the M.M. and his assistants will pay surprise visits to as many towns and villages as possible. There is no knowing where they may appear, therefore keep your *Pearson's Weekly* in your hand, or prominently displayed in your window.

COPIES BOUGHT FOR CASH.

Mr. S. Reynolds, White Lion, Birmingham Street, Oldbury.
Mr. F. Ward, 9 George Street, Harwich.
Police Constable F. S. Dibben, 64 West Street, Harwich.
Mr. B. Cummings, 28 Palmer Street, Thornby-on-Tees.
Mr. W. Hillyard, 3 Camm Square, Crewe.
Mr. J. Lanyon, Station Hotel, Aspatia.
Miss M. Turner, 29 King's Road, North Ormesby.
Mr. E. Williams, 43 Greenfield House, Park Road, Colwyn Bay.
Mr. F. C. Morgan, 54 Edlestone Road, Crewe.
Mr. B. Myers, 3 James Street, North Ormesby.
Mr. H. Lee, Ivonmar Road, Newcastle, Staffs.
Mrs. Nicholson, 7 Station Road, Wigton.
Mr. W. B. Cooke, 28 Ironmarket, Newcastle, Staffs.
Miss J. Lee, 20 Ironmarket, Newcastle.
Mr. J. Atkinson, White House Hotel, Great Dockray, Penrith.
Miss A. Nightingale, 73 Broadwell Road, Oldbury, near Birmingham.
Mr. F. C. Wolverson, 6 Cross Street, Willenhall, Staffs.
Miss L. Peacock, Railway Hotel, Wigton, Cumberland.
Mr. W. Fido, 7 Beaconsfield, Street, Leamington.
Miss F. Steele, 28 Edleston, Road, Crewe.
Miss B. E. Lucas, Ivy Cottage, Needham Market, Suffolk.
Mr. F. W. Butler, 28 Cross Street, Willenhall.
Mrs. Mankings, Creeting Road, Stowmarket.
Mr. H. Wood, 71 High Street, Redcar.
Mrs. H. Wilson, 8 Arundel Street, Redcar.
Master E. Lewis, care of Mrs. Adamson, Waterloo Villa, Ravenscar, R.S.O., Yorkshire.
Mr. W. Bowe, 23 Carville Road, Wallasey-on-Tyne.
Mrs. C. Hart, Dokes Farm, Starupside, Stowmarket.
Mrs. Haines, 18 Carville Road, Wallasey-on-Tyne.
Mr. J. Eakdale, 63 Little Bedford Street, North Shields.
Miss F. Street, Needham Market, Suffolk.
Mr. T. G. Parker, British School, Stowmarket.
Mr. W. Hudson, 9 Greenhill Street, Stratford-on-Avon.
Miss G. Woodward, One Elm, Stratford-on-Avon.
Mr. H. S. Davis, 7 Shakespeare Street, Stratford-on-Avon.
Miss M. Standish, 5 Chapel Street, Stratford-on-Avon.
Mr. J. Buddick, 76 Holly Avenue, Wallasey.
Mr. B. Sunn, 23 Stanley Street, W., North Shields.
Mr. A. Teale, 10 Bushbury Lane, Wolverhampton.
Mr. W. Hunkins, 246 Well Road, Wallasey.
Miss E. A. Johnson, Post Office, Bedlington.
Mr. T. Pattison, 8 Clive Street, Cowper Quay, Blyth.
Mrs. Brown, Ipswich Road, Needham Market.
Mr. W. J. Peck, Castle Green, Kenilworth.
Mr. G. Wood, 24 Percy Street, Blyth.
Mrs. Oyle, 23 Percy Street, Blyth.
Mrs. E. E. Mazy, 8 Pioneer Terrace, Bedlington Station, Bedlington.
Mr. W. Wright, 23 Nantwich Road, Crewe.
Mr. J. Atkinson, 63 George Road, Wallasey-on-Tyne.
Mr. B. Webster, Ipswich Street, Stowmarket.
Mr. W. Faltter, Hirst Terrace, Bedlington.
Mr. T. Thomas, 12 High Street, Redcar.
Mrs. Harper, Angel Inn, Tweedmouth.
Mr. C. Morland, 16 Coburg Street, Blyth.
Mr. J. S. Reed, 108 North Row, Bedlington Colliery, Northumberland.
Mr. J. Hodgetts, 12 Ravensworth Terrace, Sleekburn, Bedlington.
Mr. G. Davies, 76 Woodhouse Street, Warwick.
Miss A. Beal, 40 South Row, Bedlington Colliery, Northumberland.
Mr. S. Moys, 64 East Street, Sittingbourne.
Mr. W. B. Dobson, 16 Beach Street, Windermere.
Miss M. Morris, 114 High Street, Burntisland, Fifeshire.
Mr. P. Calvert, 8 Mill Bridge, Skipton.
Mr. D. Evans, 58 Muir Street, Motherwell.
Mr. J. Kinghorn, 20 Priory Lane, Dunfermline.
Mrs. Brown, 174 Midland Road, Wellingborough.
Mr. J. Hardie, 20 Bonnygate, Cupar, Fife.
Mrs. Dunnean, 3 Hampton Place, Burntisland.
Mrs. Clegg, 25 Manchester Road, Nelson.
Mr. Cooper, 129, Alexandra Road, Wellingborough.
Mr. T. Brown, Redcar.
Mr. C. Murray, 79 Douglas Place, Galashiels.
Mr. J. Dodgeon, 21 Albert Street, Nelson.
Mrs. Howler, 124 Gala Park Road, Galashiels.
Mrs. Owens, 28 St. Andrew Street, Galashiels.
Miss F. Steele, 28 Edleston Road, Crewe.
Mr. B. W. Roberts, 23 Walton Street, Long Eaton.
Miss E. Williamson, Blue Bell, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
Mr. L. Edmunds, 15 High Street, Long Eaton.
Mr. J. W. Mansfield, Liberal Club Cycle Depot, Skipton-in-Craven.
Mrs. Woodward, Provision Dealer, Bushbury.
Mrs. Charlton, Walsley Road, Blyth.
Mr. T. Douglas, 24 Market Street, Galashiels.
Mr. F. Crane, 63 Montagu Street, Kettering.
Mr. G. Thirby, Leicester Road, Whitwick, Leicester.
Mr. J. B. Nicholson, 105 Main Street, Tweedmouth.
Mrs. Welch, 20 Leeds Road, Nelson.

(Owing to pressure of space a large number of names and addresses have been held over till next week.)

What makes a man a Criminal?

By THOMAS HOLMES.

[In this article, Mr. Thomas Holmes, the well-known police-court missionary, tells of various obscure reasons, generally unknown to the public, which cause people to commit crimes. In twenty-one years Mr. Holmes, as police-court missionary, has met criminals of every sort, from murderers down to pickpockets, and it is safe to say that few men have come into closer contact with wrong-doers and law-breakers. In consequence, his views on the subject will be read with the greatest interest.]

AFTER twenty-one years spent as police-court missionary—an experience which can hardly be called a short one—I have come to the conclusion that at least fifty per cent of the crimes committed every year, are absolutely purposeless. In the majority of cases, moreover, no possible advantages can be derived by the perpetrators, while detection, and consequently punishment, are assured before the illegal deeds are done.

In innumerable cases which have come under my notice, there has been not the remotest loophole of escape, and it has seemed perfectly obvious that the criminals have committed the crimes, knowing full well that they are bound to receive a term of imprisonment.

To those who have not come in contact with these criminals, such conduct seems, to say the least of it, absolutely insane; but the few who have been intimately associated with wrong-doers of every description, from murderers and hooligans down to "kleptomaniacs" in the richer classes, and "thieves" in the poorer classes, are not puzzled as to the reasons for actions, which, viewed superficially, seem quite inexplicable.

DRIVEN TO THE STREETS OR PUBLIC-HOUSES.

When I commenced my work as a police-court missionary, I was firmly convinced that all crimes resulted from either a sheer love of evil-doing, or from drink; now, however, I know only too well how utterly and entirely wrong was that opinion, which, by-the-by, is, I think, still held by most people whose judgment of crime and criminals is merely based on newspaper reports.

But the question as to why people commit crime, is not a superficial one; it is necessary to go deeply into various matters to arrive at the truth. Firstly, social conditions, under which head I would class the housing of the poor and drink, are largely responsible for the already overcrowded ranks of criminals.

Particularly in London, among the poor, home life is far from a happy one, and in preference to passing his leisure hours, when the day's work is over, in a greatly overcrowded, and, alas! more often than not, fearfully dirty room, the working-man prefers to wile away the time in the public-house or the street.

Which of the two evils is the lesser it is difficult to say. The public-house induces its habitués to drink more than is good for them, and, therefore, to commit actions which in their sober moments they would not give a thought to. The street brings its frequenters into contact with undesirable companions and idlers, who, rather than earn an honest living, will stoop to the lowest and basest of actions.

And, again, especially among youths and often among boys, the street is a powerful factor in the making of criminals. Thus, take the case of the young man between seventeen and twenty, whose home is a squalid one. From early morning until the last thing at night, his parents either abuse each other or abuse him.

FIRST IMPRISONMENT MAKES CRIMINAL.

After a time this atmosphere of bickering and squalls becomes unbearable, and the natural result is that, to get a little peace and quiet, the luckless youth wanders into the streets, and, especially on Sundays, spends his whole time there.

Chiefly on Mondays, the result of this conduct can be seen almost every week in the newspapers. Look for yourself, and you will discover any number of cases of young men, varying in age between fifteen and twenty-one, being fined for disorderly behaviour.

True, the fine imposed is not a large one; but even a few shillings frequently seems a fortune to those who only earn a mere pittance. So, in many cases, the fines cannot be paid, and the young man has to serve a sentence of several days' imprisonment.

It is sentences of this sort which, I think, do more harm than good. The young man, having no alternative, has to serve his time; but when he comes out, his situation has been filled by another, and, worst of all, having lost his character, he finds it extremely difficult to find another job. And so, out of work, disgusted at the result of an hour's stupidity and youthful folly, he unwittingly joins the ranks of wrong-doers—often because his somewhat twilight brain can think of no other means of obtaining the barest necessities of life. Result: a large portion of his life is spent in prison.

That in the case of all offenders upon whom a fine

is imposed in police-courts, a week's time should be allowed in which to pay that fine is, I think, a much-needed reform, which I have hopes will shortly be made.

Among a very large number of people, crime, my experience has taught me, is nothing more nor less than a disease, a mental disease, which compels those who suffer from it to commit all sorts and kinds of illegal actions.

Cases innumerable in this class of criminal have come under my notice. I remember a certain highly-respectable young clerk of good character, and with every prospect of doing well, being arrested for picking pockets on the top of an omnibus. On the face of it the charge seemed an absurd one, and his employer bore testimony to the clerk's integrity, while both his father and mother expressed themselves as absolutely convinced that some serious mistake must have been made by the police.

In order, therefore, to procure more evidence, the young man was remanded for a week; but on the very day on which he should have come up before the magistrate, he was appearing at another police court, charged with picking pockets on Hampstead Heath on Sunday afternoon.

What possible good can a term of imprisonment do to a wrong-doer of this class? None; absolutely none. For he is suffering from a form of disease which literally forces him to commit illegal actions; and he is as powerless to cure himself of this baneful malady as is a leper to throw off his leprosy.

HOW JUSTICE IS DISTORTED.

In cases of this sort, as I have said, imprisonment is worse than useless, and I think our laws should be more discretionary, and should be sufficiently elastic to allow "the powers that be" to commit such wrong-doers to a stay in some place where, providing they have means, they can support themselves. For, obviously, the thefts have been committed, not with any idea of personal gain, but merely because the so-called criminals cannot help themselves.

And there is still another reason, which is not inconsiderably responsible for crime—the absurd and cruel law which jumbles all its prisoners together, and metes out the same treatment to every one of them, irrespective of their lot in life, and of the gravity of the action they have committed.

Thus, the man who, in a weak moment, has committed some illegal action, and is sentenced to a term of imprisonment, is lodged immediately alongside a hardened criminal, who, from long experience of the interior of his Majesty's prisons, has come to look upon jail as home.

The former suffers tortures which only those who have experienced the horrors of imprisonment for the first time can adequately realise. The latter—save for his loss of freedom—is really scarcely inconvenienced at all. And yet, both criminals suffer almost identically the same treatment.

Surely such an obvious distortion of justice should be rectified, nay, must be rectified, if the true object of imprisonment is to have any effect. Crime, it must be remembered, is not a sort of thing which can be treated in every case in almost the same way, and, paradoxical though it may sound, our laws in many cases manufacture criminals rather than reform them.

Thomas Holmes.

"I UNDERSTAND you remarked I was graceful as a swan."

"Yes."

"I merely wished to inquire whether the swan to which you referred was walking or swimming."

WIFE: "I had better take that hat for forty-five shillings."

Husband: "But I've only got two pounds with me now. I'll have to owe them the odd five shillings."

Wife: "Oh, then, I'll take this one for three guineas; five shillings is too insignificant a sum to owe."

CONSIDERATE TOMMY.

THE young private of the — Dragoon Guards had been posted as sentry on "C" squadron stables; but, lo, when the sergeant of the guard came round on his visit, he was nowhere to be seen. The sergeant was about to depart to make inquiries, when there came a rustling noise from a heap of straw, and the sentry stood before him minus his boots, and looking very sleepy.

"Hallo!" cried the sergeant. "Here you are, eh? Where were you when I came round just now?"

"Marchin' round," was the sentry's reply, given in tones of conscious virtue.

"Marchin' round, were you?" (A trenchant criticism of the sentry's veracity was interposed here.)

"Why, you've got your boots off."

"Yes, sargent. I took 'em off so's I shouldn't wake the 'asses."

A Five Pound Note is offered this week for one of the SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Tickets. Is it the one you slipped into your waistcoat pocket some time ago? It may be. This week's SMITH'S WEEKLY gives its number.

SHRINKING FLANNEL WITH STEAM.

ALL good flannel is shrunk before being offered to the public, and the process is carried on mostly in the West-End of London, by the most experienced cloth-workers.

The flannels are placed between two heavy wet sheets first, and left in that position for twenty-four to thirty-six hours. When removed they are spread out on specially prepared rails in a drying-room heated by steam-pipes, where they are allowed to remain until thoroughly dry.

The next process is to place the lengths of the flannel in folds between layers of glossy paper, and subject it to a pressing by hydraulic machines.

The more pressure they are subjected to, the more valuable and heavy the flannels become.

THE total of a Japanese bill is put at the top, and the items below.

LONDON pays £1,000,000 a year to keep criminals in check, that being the sum paid out for police-courts, prisons, and prosecuting officers.

THREE BIRTHDAYS A YEAR.

CHILDREN in this country, however much they may enjoy birthday celebrations and gifts, are quite content to have them once a year, but the fortunate children of Sweden have three birthdays in the course of every twelve months. First, and most important, is the real birthday, and the other two are also occasions for festivity and the presentation of small gifts.

These two days are those whose names the Swedish boy or girl bears. For every day in the Swedish calendar has its own special name, besides the weekly name which it bears like the days of other countries.

Every day has a special name in the German calendar as well, and some of the names, allowing for the difference in language, are the same for corresponding dates in the two calendars. The observance of such "namesake days," however, is not by any means so common in Germany as in Sweden.

To our ears the glib statement made by a little Swedish girl, who was asked as to the date of her birthday, "The fifteenth of March, twenty-second of May, and nine-month of November," has at first a decidedly strange sound.

STARFISH have the power to change their colour to that of surrounding objects.

Since the beginning of the last century no fewer than fifty-two volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen have disappeared, and ten are now inhabited.

POSTING LETTERS WITHOUT STAMPS.

THE number of letters that are daily received and dispatched by railway companies is enormous, but not one of them carries a postage stamp.

Of course, this unique achievement is only possible from the fact that they act as their own postmaster, and carriers and deliverers as well.

The frank required to pass them on their journey is simply the official envelope bearing their name, together with the letters O.C.S. (On Company's Service).

The guard of every passenger train takes charge of all letters handed him, and deposits them with the respective station officials on route—and this is one of his most important duties.

By this means they are able to conduct their stupendous correspondence with a maximum of dispatch, and at the same time relieve the already overburdened telegraph wires.

Those of their employees, too, who have access to the regulation envelopes, annex to themselves the ancient privilege of corresponding with each other on the same gratuitous principle, and no check is put on the practice when kept within reasonable bounds.

In communicating with other railways they adopt the same free-and-easy method, but the least said on that subject the better, as the postal authorities do not look altogether with favour on such national revenue-evading tactics, and very little might make them put their foot on it.

They also carry letters for the public, but that's another story. They make a charge of threepence per letter, one penny of which finds its way into the Governmental coffers.

TARGET FOR JAM-TARTS.

THE little blue-eyed child was doing his poor, weak best to howl off the roof of the express train, and the nervous man in the corner felt it was time something was done.

"Madam," he said, "is there nothing we can do to pacify the little — or — angel?"

"Oh, thank you, sir, if you would," was the fond mother's reply. "He only wants humouring, that's all. You see, he only wants to throw his jam-tart at the passengers, but I was afraid they wouldn't like it, so, kind sir, stay where you are. And now stop crying, darling, this nice gentleman wants to play with you."

LITTLE SISTER: "Any new studies this term?"

LITTLE BROTHER: "One—eloquence."

"What's that?"

"It's learning how to read a thing so it will sound as if you was at the other end of a drain-pipe."

CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

JOHNNY was home from school for the holidays, and, of course, it was only natural that he should try to impress his little sister Mabel with the boundless depth of his knowledge and learning. Impressively he pointed to a star in the heavens.

"Mabel," he said, "you see that star up there? Do you know, my child, that it is three times as large as this world of ours?"

"Tain't," said Mabel stoutly, "and I ain't your child. Think you're everbody 'cos you go to school, and get caned, don't you?"

"Oh, yes it is, Mabel," insisted Johnny, "and don't you be cheeky, or you'll get what I gave Snippy Higgins."

"Tain't bigger," said Mabel, convincingly, "if it was it would keep off the rain."

"I KNOW," said Mrs. Robinson, "that there is a burglar in the house!"

"How do you know?"

"I heard a rasping noise in the kitchen just now."

"Well, we'll let him alone. Maybe he's working out his own destruction. It sounds to me as if he were cutting himself a slice of that pie you cooked."

SAD MEMORIES.

THE orator was delivering a moving lecture on the terrible expenditure of the local governing board. It was a theme upon which he felt he could "let himself go," and he did so to such good purpose that an old lady in the front row burst into tears.

Through the rest of the lecture the old lady continued to sob, and even when the rest of the audience had left the building the lachrymose old dame still sat and wept.

The orator thought that such a mark of the result of his eloquence should not go unnoticed.

"My good woman," he said, walking up to her, "your emotion does you credit. You must have been very much touched by the lecture."

"It wasn't that," replied the old lady; "but to see thy jaw go wag-wag, and thy long grey beard go likewise, put me in mind of my old billygoat, who died a week last Sunday, that I just couldn't help cryin'."

"HAIR is getting pretty thin, sir."

"Think so?"

"Yes."

"But it was much thinner about thirty years ago."

"But you do not look much older than that."

"I was thirty yesterday."

THE SQUIRE WAS RIGHT.

A STILL summer's evening, quiet, and almost sad. The trees nodded sleepily, as if hushing the world to rest.

Suddenly the silent beauty was rudely disturbed. The clattering of a horse's hoofs broke the silence into a thousand echoes. A horseman dashed through the wooded lanes, rage glittering from his eyes.

He sprang from his horse and rushed into the still homestead and dragged forth Farmer Brown.

"Why, what be matter, Squire Tampion?" queried the worthy farmer in sleepy surprise.

"Matter?" repeated the squire. "Why, matter enough to be sure. Your great lubberly son Jack has run off with my beautiful daughter Mand."

"Has he, now?" cried the farmer, now thoroughly awake. "Thee're right to call 'em a lubberly idjit. He's always doin' something clumsy. Only last week he went an' broke a shovel?"

MR. VANE: "I know he was talking to you about me. Now, wasn't he?"

MISS SPILTS: "Well, yes."

MR. VANE: "I thought I heard him remark that I had a thick head of hair."

MISS SPILTS: "Partly correct. He didn't mention your hair, however."

FAR MORE ATTRACTIVE.

PROFESSOR KNOWALL had been lecturing profoundly on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any one of you conceive a greater drawing power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"I can," answered a stammering voice from the audience.

"Not a natural terrestrial object?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I can't think what it can be," said the puzzled professor. "Perhaps you'll explain exactly what you mean."

Then up rose old Johnny Spinnage. Said he:

"Judge for yourself. When I was a young man there was a little piece of natural magnet done up in a neat cotton dress, and was called Betty Maria. She could draw me fourteen miles on Sunday over ploughed land, no matter what wind or weather there was. There was no resisting 'er. That magnet o' yours is pretty good, but it won't draw so far as Betty Maria."

WHY ALL FOAM IS WHITE.

THE question as to why all foam is white is not an easy one to understand, but the fact is that foam is always white, whatever be the colour of the liquid.

The froth produced on a bottle of the blackest ink is white, and would be perfectly so were it not tinged, to a certain extent, by particles of the liquid which the bubbles hold in mechanical suspension.

As to the cause of this whiteness, it is sufficient to say that it is due to the large number of reflecting surfaces formed by the foam, for it is these surfaces which, by reflecting the light, produce upon our eyes the impression of white.

THE strength of a horse is equal on an average to that of seven and a-half men.

A PAIR of gloves passes through nearly 200 hands from the moment that the skin leaves the dresser's till the time when the gloves are purchased.

WHY WE GET DOUBLE-SHELLED EGGS.

THE production of one egg within another is of frequent occurrence, and though now and then recorded in the daily papers as a "curiosity," the so-called "phenomenon" is very easily accounted for.

It is invariably caused by over-stimulation of the system by feeding.

The ovum, or yolk, when mature, is received into the upper part of the oviduct—a tube nearly two feet in length in the domestic fowl—and in its descent is clothed successively with the layers of albumen, or white, the lining membrane of the shell; and finally, on arriving at the classifying portion of the oviduct, is enveloped in a shell itself.

Ordinarily the egg is then expelled, but in the case of the product of a double-yolked egg a reverse action of the oviduct takes place, and the egg is carried back, meets with another ovum, and redescends with it, the two being surrounded together with albumen, membrane, and shell.

WASPS get intoxicated on the fermented juices of rotting fruit on the trees.

SWEDISH school children, under the guidance of their teachers, annually plant 600,000 trees.

MAN'S SUPERIOR NOSE.

SOMETHING has at last been discovered in which man is really very superior to woman. It is in nose-power, or sense of smell.

Some American physicians have pondered over the fact that ladies are but rarely connoisseurs of wine, and, dismissing the idea that it is because they drink less of it, resolved to make experiments to get at the root of the matter.

The results fully confirmed their suspicion that the feminine nasal organ is deficient in sharpness. The tests were conducted by mixing various essences with water, and it was found that whereas men could detect the presence of lemon-juice, for instance, in two hundred thousand times its weight of water, the women subjects failed to notice it in a quantity of water one-fifth as large.

The conclusion drawn was, that the male nose is at least twice as powerful. Woman's love of perfumes is thus explained; half their pungency is lost on her.

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Price one shilling—"A Thousand Curious Things Worth Knowing"—a volume of 406 pages, containing a selection of informing paragraphs that have appeared on this page. Post free on receipt of fourteen stamps.



Kangaroo Tails for Colonials.

"FEEDING the foreigner in London has, during the last few years, been reduced to something like a fine art," said a famous firm of Piccadilly caterers to Mr. P. Doubleyou recently.

"For instance, supposing a Chinese gentleman to be dining with a London host, and the latter wishes to entertain his guest to a dinner such as he would get in Pekin. He can do it, and without difficulty; always, of course, supposing that he is prepared to pay the price."

"Birds'-nest soup?" I queried instinctively.
"Of course," promptly replied my interlocutor. "Birds'-nest soup! Why not? Here is the raw material." And I was shown a fragment of opaque horny substance, that looked like a quarter-segment from the outer skin of a badly-knocked-about cricket ball. It came, I was informed, from the north coast of Borneo, and it costs half-a-guinea an ounce.

But it is not really so extravagant a dish as it sounds, for three nests go to the ounce, and the usual allowance is one nest to each diner. The flesh of the Chinese edible dog can be had in London, too. But there is not much demand for it.

The sea slug (*Bêche de Mer*) can be bought as well. No Chinese banquet would be really complete without this delicacy. It costs only ten shillings a pound.

Further inquiry revealed that our imaginary Celestial could have sharks' fins, at a cost of half-a-guinea per lb.; Macassar fish—another great Chinese delicacy—from the Celebes Islands; and a whole host of other

Oriental dishes; winding up with Chow-Chow in syrup, Chylong stem ginger, Chin-Chin, and real caravan tea.

This latter, it may be explained, is the pick of the Chinese market, and is brought all the way to Europe overland, the theory being that a sea voyage, no matter how short a one it may be, spoils the delicate flavour of the new young shoots. The price of this tea is 7s. 6d. a pound. It used to retail in London at 12s. 6d., the reduction being due to the throwing open for traffic of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

And, as with the Chinese visitor to London, so it is with all the other strangers within our gates; each can be fed, according to his taste, on the delicacies of his own country.

The Russian, for instance, can get fresh caviare, a luxury difficult to obtain in St. Petersburg even, it being frequently necessary to take a journey to the Caspian in order to partake of it. The raw roe is brought across Europe by express train, packed in ice, which needs changing constantly; and this necessitates a regular service of tips along the route to porters, guards, and such people. Its cost to the consumer is, consequently, considerable.

The best Astrachan salted caviare—the large grey grain beloved by epicures—retails in London at something like a guinea a pound; the fresh may fetch, upon occasion, half that sum per ounce.

He can be regaled, too, upon sterlet from the Caspian. This is a sort of miniature sturgeon, and is esteemed by epicures the finest fish that swims. In fact it has been christened the "ortolan of the

sea;" the ortolan being, of course, the most esteemed of birds.

These, too, can be supplied in season. They cost, on an average, £2 10s. a dozen, and as each bird constitutes but a bare mouthful for a hungry man, a dish of ortolans may be reckoned as amongst the most expensive of foods.

Vesigea, also he can have. This is the sinew of the sturgeon, and is very costly. Then there is that other Muscovite delicacy, Botago, which is the roe of the grey mullet. It comes from the Levant, incased in wax, and looks for all the world like a huge, yard-long gherkin. The price is ten shillings per lb.

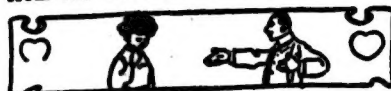
A West Indian guest, again, can be treated to Cassava cakes, salamagundi, guava cheese, West Indian pepper wine, and the famous cashew nuts, known throughout the islands as "succession nuts," because, being so nice, the unwary or greedy eater is apt to devour so many at a sitting as will bring on a fatal attack of indigestion, thereby ensuring his heir prompt "succession" to his estates.

The native Indian potentate in London, or the retired Anglo-Indian, can procure in Piccadilly the weird hot messes peculiar to the East, as well as such essentially native delicacies as bummallow fish, cumquats, puppodums made from dholl or ooloonthoo, and, of course, "Bombay duck."

For Colonials are stocked kangaroo tails, buffalo humps, bears' paws, loquat amatungula, and grenadilla jam; while such French delicacies as edible snails and frogs' legs, are the mere commonplaces of catering.

These and Other Queer Dishes can be Bought in Piccadilly.

By a Crusty old Bachelor. [Don't You Believe all He Says.—Sub-Ed.]



How Girls make Men Propose.

We are usually given to understand that the man makes the proposal of marriage, while the poor bashful woman blushing waits till the proposal comes before making her feelings known. This is a hoary tradition, and is pure nonsense.

The woman almost always has much to do with bringing about the marriage. She may not actually propose, but she gets there just the same; and the poor deluded man lives under the impression that he proposed.

She smoothes the way for him, carefully removing every little difficulty, and gradually leads him on to make the fatal plunge. Without this artful assistance, he would never be so courageous as to ask her to bestow her hand on him. It is a chance word here, and a little action there, which lures the man to the final declaration.

When it's all over he is as proud as though he had been the only one to bring it about.

This is the ordinary method adopted by the so-named weaker sex; but there is a vast fund of humour in the extraordinary methods by which woman sometimes gets a man to make known his passion.

One method is to spread abroad the rumour that an actual engagement has been made. Small gossip of this kind soon makes itself known. The result is that the poor victim is inundated with congratulations from all and sundry.

It is a hopeless task attempting to deny the rumour without causing great unpleasantness, and, if the man does not dislike the girl, it generally

happens that the engagement becomes an accomplished fact.

Another method which bears some resemblance to the above, but is not so drastic, is made use of by girls to give a very strong hint to the man. When he sees her she will appear to be in great tribulation. She turns the conversation into the desired channel, while appearing to avoid it. After much wandering about the point, she informs him, in a sudden burst of confidence, of what is causing her such distress.

There is a terrible rumour going the rounds, which she is afraid he might have heard. She is glad that he has not, for it is so absurd; really, people had no grounds for saying that they were engaged, had they?

He is astounded, but timidly asks her if the news really pained her.

She says, stammeringly, it is not exactly that, but the information is not true, and—blushes fill up the rest of the sentence. After she has shyly confessed her feelings, what can the man do but ask her to be his wife? He rarely learns that the whole thing is an artful trap, and that the rumour has no existence in fact.

Undoubtedly the commonest way in which a man is entrapped by the maiden who has chosen him for her own is to take him where there are other spooney couples about. Then she waxes sentimental, and gently leads him on by declaring that she always is happy when she is in his company.

If he is very bashful and nervous, she mentions,

with sighs, that all her girl friends are engaged now, or married, and that she begins to feel so lonely now. Of course, she does not envy them, their lovers are so shallow. Most modern young men are shallow, and she feels it to be such a relief to be in the presence of one who is so different, so superior. It is quite a treat.

The man has to be very dense who does not ask her to be his bride. It is this flattery which is such a strong instrument in causing a man to put the fateful question to the coy maiden.

A very common way to make a bashful lover declare his intentions is to employ another man to make love, and so excite the tardy lover's jealousy.

This is generally efficacious, for, when he finds that there is a possibility of being cut out, the lover impetuously declares his passion.

Of course, there is the method told of old of the young lady who gave the object of her affections several small envelopes. In each of these envelopes, she declared, she had written the name of one of his feminine friends. He had to put the envelopes under his pillow on a certain night; next morning the first envelope he opened would contain the name of his future wife.

It need scarcely be added that the young man found the name of the charmer who gave the envelopes to him in the first one he opened.

He was debarred from opening the others; but, had he done so, he would have found that every envelope contained the same name. Like the envelopes, his fate was sealed.

One of them Proves they are Not.



Are Army Officers Stupid?

THE naval officer is seldom, if ever, presented in fiction or on the stage as a fool; but the army officer is often, if not indeed usually, thus held up to ridicule. Is there any real justification for this popular estimate of the army officer's mental calibre?

Undoubtedly there is some, but, I hope to show, not much.

The truth is, thanks in the first place to the "crammers," a small number of "stuffed geese" enter the army every year, and, thanks in the second place to the low standard of professional efficiency required, they are able to remain there, especially if they have money, whereas in the navy there is no room for the incompetent, be he never so gilded.

But after all, it is not fair to blame army officers for the results of a system which, by frittering away their time and energies on things that don't matter, hinders, if it does not absolutely prevent them from becoming efficient, as efficiency is understood in the navy.

Conclusive proof that, given a fair chance, they would become fully as efficient as their naval brethren, is I think, to be found in the many instances of army officers who, leaving the service, have risen to eminence in other walks of life, calling for the very highest intellectual powers.

Take living celebrities only, and you will probably be astonished to find how many of them are ex-army officers.

Amongst statesmen there is one of the greatest, if not the greatest of pro-consuls the nation has ever

had—Lord Cromer, who for nearly twenty years was an officer in the Royal Artillery.

Then amongst lesser diplomatic and administrative lights (lesser, that is, compared with Lord Cromer) are Sir George Taubmann-Goldie, Sir Claude Macdonald, Sir George Sydenham Clarke, Sir Arthur Lawley, Sir Henry McCallum, the present Governor, and Sir Albert Hime, the late Premier of Natal, all of whom, at one time or another, were unknown army officers, with nothing but their brains to bring them to the front.

In politics, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. George Wyndham stand out in a class by themselves; but such other ex-army officers as Sir F. Carne Rasch, Colonel Sanderson, Mr. Pretymann, and Colonel Lockwood have all made their mark in the House of Commons.

In literature there is quite a formidable array. Such writers as Lord Wolseley, Sir Frederick Maurice, Sir Ian Hamilton, and Sir William Butler, it is true, deal mainly with professional subjects; but they are recognised as possessing literary gifts of the highest order.

Then, of course, there is Major Martin Hume, the well-known historian, whilst in fiction and journalism may be counted Mr. Egerton Castle, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, Major Arthur Griffiths, Colonel Newnham-Davis, Colonel Andrew Haggard, Major W. P. Drury, Captain Grant ("Linesman"), and Major Leo Trevor, known to all cricket lovers as "Dux."

As playwrights, Captain Robert Marshall and Captain Basil Hood hold high places, whilst another prominent figure in the theatrical world is Colonel Henry Mapleson.

In medicine, at least two army medical officers have won great positions outside their original sphere. These are Colonel Freyer, a most eminent London consultant-surgeon, and Major Ross, the discoverer of the malaria-bearing mosquito.

Finally, in business, there is Colonel Sir Henry Hoxier, until lately secretary of "Lloyds," whilst in the railway world the Board of Trade Inspectors are invariably drawn from the army, and probably any of our great railway companies would be glad to have the services of such a railway expert as Colonel Sir Percy Girouard.

To this list might be added the names of hundreds of ex-army officers, who, as consuls, prison governors, chief constables, and the like, help to carry on the administration of the country, and who are certainly not to be put down as stupid. But enough has been said to show the great and diversified distinctions won by army officers quite outside their own profession.

And this, coupled with the fact that naval officers, with just as good chances, rarely succeed outside their service, surely tends to show that the army officer, so far from being stupid, is in general intelligence superior to his much-lauded naval brother, who, outside his work, is sometimes extremely ignorant and lacking in culture.

A Five Pound Note is offered this week for one of the SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Tickets. Is it the one you slipped into your waistcoat pocket some time ago? It may be. This week's SMITH'S WEEKLY gives its number.

Picked Pars.

Where the Bark is as Bad as a Bite.

Because the dog barked at an official of Purulia, in Bengal, the owner has been fined 26s. 8d.

A Large Building Necessary.

A scheme for building a "palace of the press," where all the newspapers of the world would be filed, is being considered in Paris.

A Man Nightingale.

A Paris gentleman exercises a curious profession. One may see on his door an inscription stating that he is an "imitator of nightingales for gardens and restaurants."

\$2,000 for a Coffin.

The body of Mr. Russel Sage, the New York millionaire financier, has been buried in a steel coffin four inches thick, fitted with patent locks and electric alarm bells, costing over \$2,000.

Type-setting by Telegraph.

A young Ligurian printer, named Cava, has invented a method of type-setting by telegraph. He couples the Hughes instrument with a monotype composing-machine, and, instead of the message being on the tape of the receiving apparatus, perforations are made on the monotype paper bands. Completely successful experiments have been made with the new invention. The newspapers are complaining that the Italian Government will not allow them to have private wires, without which they cannot make use of Signor Cava's discovery.

Science in War.

A lieutenant of the Swedish army, is stated to have invented a new system of luminous telegraphy for the use of troops in the field. The code is described as being easily read at a distance of three miles.

Blow to Spelling Reform.

President Roosevelt's spelling reform order, lawyers have found, violates a law passed twenty-five years ago. This made Webster's Dictionary the legal standard of Government spelling in the United States.

The World's Jewish Population.

It is calculated that there are now living in different parts of the world about six million two hundred thousand Jews. Seventy-two thousand, or about one in a hundred of the whole number, reside in Great Britain. About four millions, or two-thirds of the whole, are inhabitants of Russia and Austria, being specially numerous in the Polish provinces of the two Empires.

Solving the Domestic Problem.

A battalion of page boys, captained by a motherly cook, is the latest solution of the servant problem. The battalion is being organised by a lady, who proposes to start an agency of small page boys, who will take situations in companies under the charge of a responsible elderly woman, who will act as cook-housemaid. For the small household two boys and the cook will be sufficient; for the large mansion ten boys and the cook.

Hush-here.

There are in the United States more than 350 secret orders, brotherhoods and sisterhoods, containing over 7,000,000 members.

An Inducement.

"Four good-looking sons in the family." This is the last sentence of an advertisement for a girl, for a dairy farm, which appears in a New Zealand paper.

The Origin of Golf.

Our game of golf, or goll, as it was formerly called, was a popular sport in England and Scotland about the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was played by the nobility and was the favourite pastime of Prince Henry, son of James I. Golf sticks were then called "heads," and golf balls were made of leather and stuffed with feathers. The principle of the game was practically the same then as it is now.

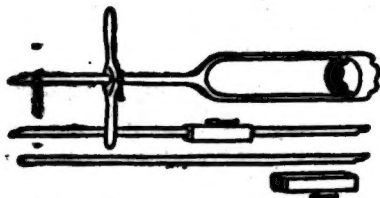
A "Sympathetic" Club.

One of the oddest clubs in the world is that founded in America by a German lady for the benefit of widows and widowers. It is an ordinary social club, to which admittance is restricted to those who had lost husband or wife. At first the club existed for widows, who met together to tell their sorrows, and sympathised with each other. After a time a resolution was passed extending the benefits of the club to widowers. The widowers gratefully responded, and now several of the members have joined the ranks of the married again.

Picture Pars.

TO COOL A HAY-RICK.

WHEN a hay-rick becomes over-heated, an instrument similar to the one shown here, is used to cool it. A man stands on the rick and inserts the forked end of the appliance with the wavy cutting edge into the hay; then he turns the cross handles, and the bore cuts into the rick. When the fork portion is full of cut hay it has to be withdrawn and emptied and then inserted again. The straight handle of the cutter



can be increased in length if necessary by having lengthening bars fixed to it. These bars are securely attached by sliding the square socket over the splice ends and fixing it by a small screw in the side. By this means the bore can be carried to the bottom of the rick if the operator desires.

FOR SHEEP ONLY.

WHEN some farmers who keep sheep wish them to wander from field to field, but do not want the cattle to do likewise, they build what is termed a sheep gate. This is how the gate is made. If the fields are divided by walls, two large stone uprights are erected, another piece of stone is placed on top, and the wall is then built round them. The sheep can pass through an aperture such as this, but kine and horses, being larger, find the hole too small for them.



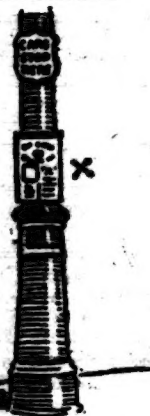
ALWAYS IN ONE PLACE.

A VERY effective method is employed to keep a lightship always in exactly the same position. The ship is moored by three anchors which rest in the seabed in the form of a triangle. When the tide alters its direction the vessel of course swings with it, but only to a limited extent. The ship cannot change right over as it would if only one anchor were used, for the three anchors each fix it in a different position and do not allow it to move more than a few yards.



ON THE ELECTRIC TRAM STANDARDS.

A NUMBER of "first aid" cabinets containing all the necessary appliances for "first aid" treatment in case of accidents have been erected on the electric tram standards in the most convenient and prominent parts of Leicester. Access to the interior of the cabinets can be obtained by a similar process to that associated with fire alarms, full particulars being printed on the outside of the cabinet. Though the cabinets have not long been in use they have so encouraged the local ambulance association that they have decided to increase the number. The cabinet is marked by a cross in the illustration.



TO THE CATTLE TRUCK.

IN Australia at railway stations when cattle and sheep are loaded, excellent arrangements are made; the men do not attempt to drive the unwilling cattle out of a



square yard into the narrow doorway of a truck. They erect a short alley-way about three feet and a half wide made by strong posts and rails on each side. It is

easy then to get the animals into the waggons, for when they are driven into the alley they cannot turn and must perforce go on into the truck. This arrangement reduces the cattleman's trouble to a minimum.

A BLACK MAST.

MOST trading steamers which wish to study economy and effect have their aft mast painted black. If they did not the mast would soon be sullied by smoke and would look very dirty in consequence. The smoke from the vessel's funnel is carried backward by the forward motion of the vessel, and the mast would look grimy if it was painted any other colour than black. The aft mast is denoted in the illustration by a cross.



Personal Pars.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

PRINCE FERDINAND—who is a big, bearded man of forty-five, with pale blue eyes and a prominent Jewish nose—was elected the ruler of stormy Bulgaria in 1887. His consuming ambition is to become King, but, despite his ability, his reign is not popular, and he lives in constant dread of assassination. Surrounded by plotters and intriguers, he has held the throne so long mainly through his astute mother's assistance. At a private wharf below his princely castle of Evinograd he keeps his yacht with fires ever banked ready for instant flight.

Mr. Arthur Pinero.

MR. ARTHUR PINERO, the dramatist, is a man of pronounced intellectual presence. He has a fine forehead, bulging out somewhat over the eyes, and those strong, heavy frontal arches which are almost instinctively associated with brain power. The face thins sharply down to the chin, thus throwing out into bolder relief the well-sharpened forehead. When Mr. Pinero has a play upon his mind he finds that a trip into the country clarifies his ideas and puts him on his mettle. Mr. Pinero enjoys a well-earned reputation as a writer of brilliant dialogue and smart sayings, but all this brilliance is not so easily come by. The dramatist labours at his quips and quiddities, writing and re-writing them, until at last the phrase has acquired the necessary nerve and polish. Then, and then only, will he allow the line to pass muster beneath his critical eye. Mr. Pinero is a vigorous, well-developed man, with a strong athletic bent. He is an all-round tennis player, and finds the exercise a useful preliminary to a bout of writing.

The Rev. Prebendary Hutchinson.

THE REV. PREBENDARY HUTCHINSON, Vicar of Blinton, Staffs, is the oldest clergyman in active clerical work in the kingdom. He is ninety-six years of age. During the frightful cholera epidemic in Rotherhithe, in the prebendary's early life as a curate, he ministered fearlessly to the sick, and one of his most treasured possessions is a Bible presented to him in recognition of his services at the time.

The Sultan.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY has developed a considerable interest in natural history, and, oddly enough, seems to be particularly interested in the mineral products and fauna of Australia. He is bent on forming a collection of such things from that part of the world, and commissions have been recently executed on his behalf with the object of getting together a representative series of minerals and precious stones, as well as a collection of the birds of Australia.

The future Grand Duchess of Luxembourg.

THE grave illness of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg brings into European prominence a little girl "Highness" of twelve years, who will, if she lives, one day be the successor of the present Her-Apparent. She is the eldest of the Prince's six daughters, and her parents have now reached an age at which any further increase of their family is extremely improbable. The future Grand Duchess is almost as much the darling of all her future subjects as she is of her own family, in this respect resembling closely the happy circumstances of the girlhood of the young Queen of Holland.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Queen Emma of the Netherlands.

THE QUEEN-MOTHER of HOLLAND devoted her services to her adopted country as Regent during her daughter's long minority, and her constant motherly care of the child-sovereign formed such a perfect example of dutifulness as is seldom seen. Queen Emma has been always very popular in England, and it is an open secret that her sanity and coolness saved Holland from a very undignified position on the occasion of the somewhat headstrong action of Queen Wilhelmina over President Kruger's reception.

The Dowager Queen of Spain.

As everyone knows, the Dowager Queen of Spain, who has so nobly consecrated her life to the care of her children, was the second wife of the late King of Spain. The pretty story of how King Alfonso came to the English Court and fell in love at first sight with the young Princess who is now his wife had its prototype in the marriage of his father to his first wife. She was the lovely young Princess Mercedes—his cousin. He needed no direction from counsellors as to whom he should marry. He, with the Princess, was out one day for a ramble. They wandered further than had been originally intended, far from the attentions of courtiers and nobles. Evening came on, and they were tired out—too tired to make their way on foot back to La Granja. The King went to a farmhouse and borrowed a lumbering old grain wagon, drawn by mules. Mounted in this they made their way back. And as they drove in their humble equipage through the still summer night the King declared his love, and the Princess, when he lifted her down from the wagon, had promised to become Queen of Spain.

HOW APPRENTICES ARE DUPED.

By an Engineer who was Defrauded.

THE means adopted by unscrupulous firms for obtaining premium-paying apprentices are as varied as they are impudent.

Some six years ago I was apprenticed for three years to a firm trading as electrical and mechanical engineers and contractors, in a provincial town. A premium of £40 was paid, on the understanding that I should be instructed in the arts of turning, fitting, electric lighting, and general wiremen's work, receiving a few shillings per week by way of wages.

For almost the entire period of this apprenticeship I was chiefly engaged in such work as heating soldering irons for the wiremen, melting down insulation compounds, cleaning the shop window glass, sweeping the workshop, and other such occupations.

There was another apprentice also, who was engaged on similar work, only, he paid £50 as premium, and he had to serve four years.

This apprentice and myself were never allowed to work on any of the more important parts of installation work, such as fixing main switch, making certain joints in the lead-cased and other wires; but were permitted to wire lamp-holders, ceiling roses, and such like. We were never sent to carry out an installation at all!

On several occasions my companion's father called on the "proprietor" of the business, and demanded to know why his son was not being properly instructed. The wily proprietor would then make plausible promises, and say that he was waiting for certain machinery. The machinery never arrived, notwithstanding. My fellow-apprentice endeavoured

to obtain a position as an electrician after he had completed his apprenticeship, but failed. It was not until he had paid another sum of money to a genuine firm of engineers, and had received some thorough practical instruction, that he succeeded.

The firm to which I was apprenticed has since I left added a motor garage and repairing depot, and there are now four more apprentices, who have each paid a sum of £60 as premium.

These cases are almost paralleled by another in the same provincial town. A premium-paying apprentice was bound for some years to a man who used the letters A.M.I.E.E. after his name, though he had no right to do so. After serving about three months the apprentice refused to come to work, and his employer prosecuted him.

The fact then came out in the police court that the lad, instead of being taught electrical engineering, had been made to clean the shop glass, clean knives, to say nothing of carrying dinners to a neighbouring bakehouse, and otherwise "make himself generally useful." The judge, in giving judgment against the employer, censured him for his methods.

Still another instance can be cited, in which a mother's hard-earned savings had been thrown away.

This young man was a friend of mine. The premium he had to pay was £150, which was divided into three annual instalments of £50 each. The company (a limited one), after just one year's existence, went into voluntary liquidation. During the company's brief lifetime, the apprentice learnt absolutely nothing, and could not even carry out a simple bell or telephone installation by himself. Fortunately, arrangements were made, enabling him to be transferred to a firm of electrical manufacturers of high standing, where he has since done well.

One more case came to my knowledge recently. A

gentleman intended to give his son a good start in life, so he apprenticed him to an electrical company. It proved to be a sham one, for the whole of the young fellow's time was occupied in issuing stores and materials to the men employed by the firm.

All the cases above mentioned are directly connected with the electrical trade; but, of course, the same tricks are carried out on unsuspecting apprentices in the other trades, by certain heartless individuals, who are ever on the alert to trap the unwary. It behoves intending apprentices, therefore, to make strict inquiries before entering into any agreements with firms, or parting with their money.

SATISFACTORY CREDENTIALS.

MARTHA, the maid, had been hinting that she did not think much of being in service, and this, in conjunction with the nightly appearance of a rather sheepish young man, caused her mistress much apprehension.

"Martha, is it possible that you are thinking of getting married?"

"Yes'm," admitted Martha, with a blush and a giggle.

"Not with that young man who has been calling on you lately?"

"Yes'm, he's the one."

"But you have known him only a few days."

"Three weeks come Thursday," corrected Martha.

"Do you think that is long enough to know a man before taking such an important step?"

"Well," answered Martha, with spirit, "taint as if he was some new fellow. He's well recommended; a perfectly nice girl I know was engaged to him for a long while."

WHY IS SHEFFIELD UNITED?

New Football Competition.

FIRST
PRIZE:

£250

SECOND
PRIZE:

£100

THIRD
PRIZE:

£50

AND 1,000 OTHER PRIZES.

Below you will find six pictures each of which represents the name of a well-known footballer. No. 1, for example, depicts the name of Wallace. The names are confined solely to Association and Rugby International players, and men who are playing for clubs in the Football League (First and Second Divisions), the Southern League, the Scottish League, and the Western League. Only the names of players who have turned out for their clubs this season (1906-7) will be admitted, excepting only in the case of Internationals.

When you have discovered the names the pictures represent, write them carefully in ink in the spaces provided. Only one solution is allowed under each picture. In the case of two or more equally correct solutions to one picture each will be admitted. Cut out this half page and keep it by you each week till the complete set of pictures has been published. We will then tell you how you are to send them in.

The prizes will be awarded in order of merit to the competitors from whom the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* receives the complete lists of names correct or most nearly correct. Gramophones and Consolation Gifts will be presented to the competitors next in order in point of correctness.

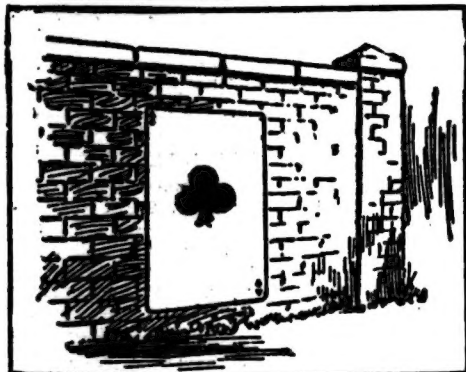
In the event of more than one reader obtaining the largest number of correct, or most nearly correct, solutions, the prizes will be awarded in order of merit to the tying competitors whose answers to the question "Why is Sheffield United?" is considered by the Editor to be the best. The space on which to write the answer will appear on the last set.

You may ask your friends to help you, and if you cannot find a solution for every picture, do not despair. Perhaps there are other competitors who have not found so many.

The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition must be considered final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

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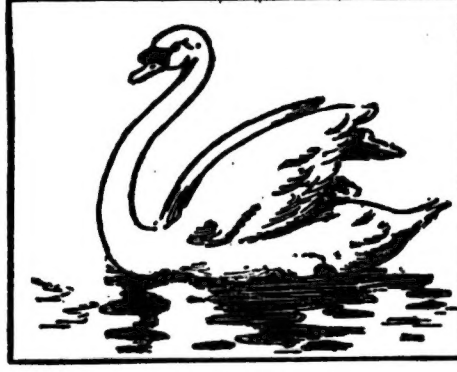
FIRST WEEK.



WALLACE



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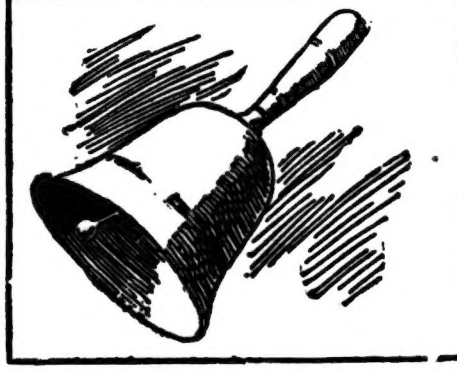
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4



5



6

Name
Address

Don't send in this set now. Keep it by you until all the other sets have appeared.

My Notebook.

The American Small Boy.

PERHAPS the most aggressive little creature allowed to live is the American small boy. He has gone home again now, and we shan't see any more of him until next spring.

He is perpetually on the jump, and talks in a shrill, loud voice. He has no respect for age or rules. His dad has the dollars, and he "guesses they get right there every time." He can work more havoc on a steamboat than a mutinous crew. He can create more noise in a quiet country hotel than all the farmyards in a whole county put together. He can go shopping and spend less and drive more men insane with stupid questions, and bargaining, and grumbling, and insult, and not buying anything than any woman living. He pokes his little nose into everything, and rings for all he wants like a grown man.

I saw a pair of these small men, ten and thirteen, in a hotel billiard-room the other evening. They got up quickly from dinner and bagged the table. They started to play a game of one hundred up and took close upon two hours in doing it.

Meanwhile, strong, full-grown men took to drink and presently passed insinuations to the small boys, which were ignored. When the game was finished at twenty past ten there wasn't a man in that room who would have played a game; no, not to save the Government. They were too mad to know a red ball from a white. But every man did want to give those small boys something good on the seats of their trousers.

The American small boy has now found a new outlet for his enterprise and energy. From the moment he leaves his home until he gets back he keeps an album.

This album is a wonder. It has pasted into it a piece of notepaper—illustrated preferred—of all the hotels he stops at. Menu cards of breakfast, lunch, and dinner; his father's receipted hotel bills; a set of luggage labels, which he begs, borrows, or steals, in addition to those on his trunks, and the hundred and one other odds and ends you can pick up on a long journey.

An album such as this is, of course, a nice memento for a small boy to have. But it has its drawbacks to the peaceful, unsentimental Briton.

And so when a departing Scotsman, at an Irish hotel, the other morning put his bags outside his room, went down to breakfast, and came up and found the American small boys soaking off his labels with a wet sponge, he gave the thirteen year old youth a clout on the ear that raised a cry of wild distress, and made every man glad. As the coach left, every man in the hotel raised a cheer for the Scotsman that went with it.

Why Won't Women Eat Marmalade?

I WONDER what is the matter with marmalade that women won't eat it at breakfast? Most men do, and the stranger thing is that men take marmalade at breakfast and jam for tea. Of course that may be for variety's sake.

But it is a fact that I have never seen any lady take kindly to marmalade for the first meal of the day. When I have made inquiries in this direction, I have been met with the reply: "Oh, I don't like it." That is a reason, but it isn't an explanation. There must be some explanation. Will some lady kindly oblige me with one?

How to Keep Fit during Winter.

WITH the end of summer and the coming of the wet days of autumn, too many of us say "Good-bye" to the out-of-door life. That is hopelessly wrong. It is the cause of many winter maladies. It means getting "run down." And when you get "run down" you can catch or acquire more ill and illnesses. The average woman gets out of doors, and has as much walking exercise in the winter as in the summer. Man doesn't and hasn't. He is apt to clock up then. When he gets home in the evening he wants to sit over the fire and toast his toes. Women should rout men out into the open now and again when this happens.

It is really surprising how little fresh air many men get during the winter. They think they get it, of course, in going to and from their place of business. But they don't. They can't honestly call that exercise, and they can't call it fresh air.

I know one man—just a plain ordinary man, a man in a City office, with hours from nine to six—who keeps fit and well throughout the winter in a good and a simple way. You might try his plan and see how it works. He has a small back garden. Most of the wall space is given up to amateur gardening. He has a net across the centre of the wall furthest from the house. Every night when he gets home at half-past six, unless it is very wet, he takes off his things, and he puts on an old suit and a pair of rubber boots. He takes half-a-dozen old tennis balls, and he bowls overhand into the net.

In about five minutes he is quite warm. In ten he is very hot. He keeps this thing up for about half an hour, when he goes indoors, has a sponge, and changes again, sitting down to his evening meal with a great big appetite, and feeling very fit indeed. It's good fun and it's very healthy. It's a thing most young men could and should do. Try it.

How to Save Money Wisely and Well.

WORKSOP says, "How can I save? You write on social subjects to benefit the classes or masses. I am anxious thrift should be treated in one of your letters, and especially so far as a means for the working men to buy their own houses, and also for those like myself who are working men, although not manual labourers. There are several insurance societies which combine house-purchase and life assurance. What can you say on this matter for the benefit of your readers? If everyone saved a few coppers daily, there would be much less poverty, less poor rates, and not such great need for old age pensions."

Saving money is one of the most difficult arts to which a man can put his mind. Before a man can begin to save money he has to save himself. Saving money is a business. Only a strong man can do it.

It's like this: If you are earning £2s. 6d. a week you must think, and you must know, that you are earning only twenty shillings. If you live up to your income you are stupid. If you live below it you are a wise man. It all depends on the wise man and his bringing up.

Take this story of a small boy which is absolutely true. He was a bright, hard-thinking boy. His father wasn't of much account, and he died when the boy was young. His mother had big sterling qualities. She died. This boy of seventeen had a sister of twenty. He, when the mother died, was earning twenty shillings a week. He was a mother's boy. He had all her qualities. Her influence permeated him. On this twenty shillings the boy and the sister kept house.

About the same time the boy got an increase of salary of five shillings a week. He saved that. He saved it for a whole year. Then he gave his sister thirteen pounds, telling her what he had done. And they suggested between them that she should open a small fancy shop in the front parlour window. They did this and the little business prospered.

Meanwhile the boy got another five-shilling rise and was saving that also. Ten shillings was now going every week into the growing business at home, and presently the pair moved into a real shop close by, so that the sister could keep up the connection she had made. In a short time the sister had a good, and a big, business, and the two were able to live better and still save more.

Of course, this is an isolated instance. But it has its moral. It is only the man with a clean, strong character who can effect little economies. He will save all his threepenny bits or his halfpennies and never miss them. That is the whole essence of thrift.

Here's another story.

"I once made up my mind," said a friend of mine, "that I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way: when I felt like eating a shilling luncheon, as I often did, I kept it down to temperance. I denied myself two penny-worth of cheese. I put the two pence saved towards my watch fund. You will hardly believe me, but, with little economies like this, I had, in less than six months, saved enough to buy my gold watch." "But," I said, "where is your gold watch?" "You are wearing a poor little gun-metal thing." "Well," was the reply, "when I found how easily I could get along without shilling luncheons I concluded I could get along with a ten-shilling watch instead of a ten-pound one. So that the watch fund grew until it purchased for me my own house."

PETER KEARY (Mr. Notebook).

MAKING THE WORLD'S LARGEST BALLOON.

The "City of London" Balloon Carries Twenty Persons, and Takes Up the Space of Three Good-sized Houses.

THE "City of London" balloon, which is one of Great Britain's representatives in the great international air-race at Paris for the Gordon-Bennett Gold Challenge Cup, is the biggest navigable air-vessel ever constructed.

It has a gas capacity of 77,500 cubic feet, almost three times the size of the balloons seen at the Crystal Palace and other entertainment grounds, and its car is so huge that twenty persons can sit in it, and be carried comfortably.

In the making of the gas-bag or envelope, just on 12,000 square yards of silk were required. Converted into one huge umbrella, this quantity of silk would provide protection from the rain for over 6,000 persons.

The silk, which had been carefully tested to see that every yard of its length was capable of standing the strain of 266lb., was not sewn together in long widths for the making of the envelope, but was made up of hundreds of panels. In the "City of London" there are some 1,600 of these pieces, cut in such a fashion that when fixed together the elliptical shape of the gas-bag was obtained.

The balloon was made first in halves, about twenty-five circles of these panels forming the top portion, and a similar number the bottom portion, and when all was complete the whole was joined together. Specially treated silk was used for sewing the panels together, and before the halves were joined the silk was coated with three layers of varnish, which was rubbed into the texture by a small army of men and boys.

More than six miles of cording of some half-dozen sizes, weights, and strengths were used in the construction of the network that incircles the huge car beneath. The cording, which was soaked in the juice of the casheew nut to prevent its being affected by the humidity of the atmosphere, is so strong that it could suspend a couple of locomotives!

The "City of London" took about three months to construct. The mere tacking of the pieces together, before they were eventually sewn, employed a dozen women for a week at a stretch. The varnishing took up several days and hundreds of pints of the sticky fluid, while the weaving of the net, in circles of 73 cords, occupied another four days. The cutting of the valve, and the weaving of the osier car, also required much time and careful attention.

When filled with its 77,500 cubic feet of gas, the "City of London" balloon occupies such vast space that there would be no difficulty in putting three good-sized houses or half a dozen motor omnibuses within its interior.

"Yes, I was awfully fond of the girl, and I believed her to be perfect; but I saw something about her last night that I didn't like."

"What was that?"
"Another fellow's arm."

JACK LOVER (expecting an outburst of grief): "And what would you say if I should take your sister from you?"

Little Helen (quietly and politely): "Thank you, sir."

'TWOULD SPOIL HIS HOLIDAY.

Mrs. POLLIE JOUGLES's mouth was—well, exceedingly well developed. She sat in blissful contentment on the sea-beach at Brighton, watching the restless sea, and something of its grandeur shed its light upon her soul.

"Oh, Bill," she said to the young man by her side, "ow grand it all is, ain't it? I feel as though—as though I could open my mouth and take it all in."

A small boy, who was on the sand close by, looked up, a startled gleam in his eye.

"But, I say," he remarked, "you won't do it, will you? We only came down here yesterday."

£125

In Cash and Gifts is offered in SMITH'S WEEKLY for Cash Tickets. The Cash Ticket you possess may entitle you to a portion of this sum. Get this week's issue and see.

Smith's Weekly.

Every Tuesday.

One Penny.

SMITH'S WEEKLY readers are getting rich! Another £125 in cash and gifts offered for Cash Tickets in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY.

WHY WOMEN SHOULDN'T PREACH.

By ATHOL FORBES.

[The Rev. Forbes Phillips, Vicar of Gorleston, who writes under the name of "Athol Forbes," has just had a midnight adventure with burglars. These gentlemen, it is supposed, were after the church collections, but Mr. Phillips' revolver got there first, and the collections remained intact. Mr. Phillips holds very decided views on the subject of the lady pastor, and these will be read by readers with great interest.]

THE mere mention of such a theme is generally the signal for men to become facetious, and consequently women indignant.

Brother Jonathan, who is said to be in the van of progress, and is not bound by the traditions of an old country, says "A woman should preach, if she insists on it."

In the United States it is no uncommon thing to find a lady pastor ministering to a congregation, but the idea, about which great things are predicted, has not "caught on." In fairness to our sisters we must admit that in some instances success has attended the new order of preachers; but this very success has attracted disaster in the form of man, who has entered Eden, tempted the woman, and the two have committed matrimony.

The result of this has been that something like confusion has reigned, where only congratulation should be known, according to our preconceived ideas on so interesting a matter as the union of loving hearts. And it is disconcerting to be told that writs for libel were almost as plentiful as invitations to the wedding in some cases, exceptional we trust.

HOMER DUTIES SHOULD COME FIRST.

It pulls us up, too, when we learn that the first condition of success in what has been described as the ministry of angels involves celibacy on the part of the lady ministers. Without going into unnecessary details, it is well-nigh impossible to combine the duties of home life with the work of a pastor. Some of these home duties she could no doubt arrange to have done by deputy, but a deputy-wife or a deputy-mother leads to all sorts of difficulties and domestic potentialities. Even where a deputy is possible, she loses in moral influence by what the majority of people will persist in regarding as indifference to husband, home, and children.

A lady doctor's profession does not depend so much on moral influence as does that of a lady preacher. The world has a way of looking at their religious teachers out of the pulpit, to know what they mean when they are in it. Even if our lady preacher has no one but her husband to consider, his own profession or trade would be an obstacle. Should she receive a call from another spiritual charge, we may ask, would the husband be expected to leave, say, his medical practice, his office, his counter, or his regiment to support her and look after her?

HOW WOMAN'S BRAIN DIFFERS FROM MAN'S.

The obvious reply to this could be, "Well, here is a chance for the unmarried." But as I have pointed out, there is always the chance of men turning up with a proposal; and Cupid will never listen to reason. It must be remembered, too, in order to gain the best results, special education must begin at an age considerably earlier than that which marks the border line that divides girlhood from spinsterhood. All these give an air of uncertainty in an atmosphere which is nothing if not dogmatic.

There is another and fundamental reason why women should not be called and ordained to the office of preacher. It is based on the fact that the quality of a woman's brain differs from that of a man's. This does not imply that a woman's mind is inferior to man's. It simply means that things do not appear to her in the same light as they do to men. Reason is not the monopoly of one particular sex, but a woman is governed very largely by impulse, by intuition, and instinct. Let me add, she is generally right when she exercises these qualities free from prejudice, yet the average woman, ordinarily speaking, cannot convince a man of anything by argument. In the logical presentation of truth she is usually a failure.

Thus arises a very serious question. Can a woman win and hold men in the church by her preaching, independent of her individual charms? Experience says "No," and her own sex prefer the ministry of men. So the outlook is not encouraging for the lady preacher.

CONCERNED ACTOR: "You should have seen the audience sitting open-mouthed when I was playing Hamlet last night."

CRITIC: "It must be dreadful to see an entire audience all yawning at once."

GRACE: "I was talking to your mother-in-law today."

STAGE: "How did that happen?"

"What happen?"

"That you were doing the talking!"



A Man Recently Wrestled with a Waterspout, and Another was Tied by Tar.

A YOUNG medical man had quite an exciting adventure a short time after he had been appointed to the medical staff at a north country asylum. He was a somewhat nervous young man, and was not altogether sure regarding the attitude which one of the patients adopted towards him. This patient was a big fellow, cast in the mould of a Samson.

The frantic alarm of the poor doctor may be imagined when, while out in the grounds by himself one day, he saw the patient approaching him at a run. The doctor thought it advisable to take refuge in flight. Then a long chase ensued, along walks, over flower-beds, across lawns, behind gardening sheds, a chase which lasted until the doctor fell to the ground, utterly exhausted.

The end of the harrowing story is, that the patient ran up to him, tapped him playfully on the shoulder, and said, "Tiggy!" He was playing "touch."

While a workman was engaged in taking water from a fire plug in Commercial Street, Leeds, he turned the handle too far. The result was a tremendous burst of water, which caused the drenched workman to fly ignominiously. Then there was the uncommon spectacle of a waterspout in the centre of the town's principal street.

The plucky workman, mustering up his courage, returned to give battle to the waterspout. He turned the handle the wrong way, with the result that the column of water rose to a height of thirty feet.

The poor workman retreated again, while many people in the street got wet, and retired to a respectable distance. Nothing daunted, the workman again tackled the waterspout; he made another dash for the handle, encouraged by a large crowd which had gathered. The street was practically flooded for a long way around, and the man had a most exciting time in his heroic endeavours.

At last he succeeded, and emerged from the contest, a bedraggled-looking creature, amidst loud cheers.

Another awkward little adventure with a jet of water occurred when Mme. Calvé appeared in *Carmen* at the Connecticut Opera House. A huge crowd of students from Yale College gathered around the stage door to welcome her, and, like all students, they soon became very lively. Their pranks got so exciting, that they were called upon to disperse. As is the nature of students, they refused, and their wildness increased.

The theatre officials then got out the fire-brigade hose-pipe, and turned a jet of water upon them. Just at that moment Mme. Calvé herself appeared, with the result that she was drenched from head to foot. She took her ducking good-humouredly, and sang her part in *Carmen* with more than ordinary fervour.

Just as awkward an incident occurred at the Lyric Theatre, London, while the play was in full progress. Without the slightest warning, the water sprinklers commenced to work. These sprinklers are fixed all about the stage, so that the flames could be put out very rapidly in case of fire.

The result was that the performers and orchestra received a sound drenching, as it was found impossible to stop the sprinklers until the water was turned off at the main. Naturally the sudden flight of the artists and instrumentalists occasioned considerable merriment amongst the audience, the hilarity continuing for some time after the piece was eventually resumed.

A very ludicrous adventure happened to a London man who was seen sitting on the roadway outside Highgate Police Station. He was seen to be in some difficulty. The nature of it soon transpired—he could not get up. The difficulty arose from the fact that the man had sat down on some warm tar, left in the road by workmen, who had been laying wooden blocks.

The police very kindly provided the man with enough brown paper to cover the deficiencies of his sartorial equipment, so that he might be able to sit down in the police station without sticking fast!

Quite gruesome is an adventure which happened to some labourers who were unloading the cargo of a vessel at the Albert Dock, London. The lid of a large receptacle became unfastened, and a quantity of liquor ran from it.

The strong smell from the broached cask gave sufficient indication that the liquid was spirits. As this was running to waste, a number of the labourers drank some of it, and pronounced it to be an excellent drink. The Customs officials came to make investigations. Upon examining the cask they found it contained a huge lizard, which had been shipped as a medical specimen. Of course, it had been immersed in spirit in order that it might be preserved.

NATURE SERIES.

F—S.

(The Editor says I mustn't mention these unpleasant creatures. He says it's indecent. —SUB-EDITOR.)

By "GAMEKEEPER."

I HAVE heard a good deal about the balance of Nature, which, were it not for the interference of man, arranges that each living thing under the sun is preyed upon by something else, to the extent required of a perfect state.

Though fleas enjoy immensely to prey on human beings, I have never known anything which made the slightest attempt to prevent them preying. But I do know—to my sorrow—plenty of animals most obliging in supplying me with fleas.

The only point I appreciate about fleas, is that they are no respecters of persons, small or great, rich or poor. I call the flea so partial to human flesh the prince of fleas.

The male is inferior to his wife in bulk, but easily beats her in agility. The female, however, rejoices in a light chestnut skin, which atones somewhat for her corpulence.

These human torments infest dogs, cats, and ferrets among domestic animals; and squirrels, hedgehogs, and rats among creatures of the woods.

So when next you think of installing a hedgehog as beetle-killer-in-chief in your own house, it will be well first to massacre his active little attendants, or you will be wondering where the swarm of fleas has sprung from.

Though I have never noticed fleas of any kind on hares, a single rabbit often entertains a party of several hundred. They invariably crowd together in a black mass on the ears of their unfortunate host.

THEY SOMETIMES SCARE SPORTSMEN.

At first sight, these rabbit-fleas appear identical with the good old-fashioned terrors of sea-side lodgings. I will not say that I can tell them apart merely by their personal appearance. Even the jumping powers of rabbit-fleas are little inferior to those of their more aristocratic brethren.

That they never bite, or irritate in the least, a human being is the grandest trait in their character. On this point you can absolutely rely; for I give you my personal assurance that I have thoroughly tested their attitude towards man.

I have scores of times purposely placed in my pockets rabbits with their ears literally loaded with fleas, without feeling a nip or a tickle. I have—certainly after some persuasion—prevailed on others to do likewise, with equally satisfactory results.

Even poor bunny is forsaken by his swarming admirers soon after he becomes a corpse.

Many a labourer uses the "flea-trick" with a view to rabbit-pudding. He contrives to come upon the scene just as a townsman is crowing over a rabbit he has shot; and is lavish with compliments on the dexterity of the shot which laid poor bunny low.

Suddenly, he exclaims: "Look at the fleas on un"—and the rabbit is hurriedly presented by the townsman to him of the blunt brain and impervious skin.

Fowls are generally credited with being a fertile source of fleas. Now this is a bit unjust to the fowls, though they do occasionally entertain fleas of a particular variety. Fowl-fleas may be seen in enterprising numbers on hens which have been sitting for some time in hot weather.

HOW TO GET RID OF THEM.

But they bite not, neither do they hop. They are content to crawl beetle-like, and are easily caught. When dozens creep up your troat, at worst they only tickle a bit. There is not the slightest cause for alarm. Armed with a whitewash brush you can wipe them out wholesale.

It is the lice which infest dirtily-housed fowls that are so annoying to human beings. A thorough painting of your poultry-house with unslaked lime, mixed with paraffin, and a dust-bath (for the fowls, of course), perfumed with insect-powder, will speedily get rid of them.

Young rooks, partridges, and pheasants are afflicted with lice, at times to such an extent that they are worried to death. Young wood-pigeons entertain flies of sluggish habits, but which require a very hard pinch to kill them.

Ticks are the most repulsive and largest insects which prey on the bodies of animals tame and wild. Hedgehogs and stoats are their special favourites. Sheep, also, are much patronised by ticks; and dogs sometimes receive their attention.

Ferrets, though kept scrupulously clean, become infested with ticks while working rabbit-burrows, though, curiously, I have never found a tick on a rabbit.

I once lost a good ferret from a tick-bite. It must have acquired the brute while at work, though I did not notice its presence when I put the ferret away in his hutch at night. Next morning the ferret seemed very weak; and examination disclosed a blood-blotting tick behind his ear. And in a few hours the ferret followed the tick to fresh hunting-grounds.

Paraffin is the best medicine for ticks; but to make a clean sweep, you must not only anoint the afflicted ferret or dog, but every part of its hutch, especially all crevices.

A Five Pound Note is offered this week for one of the SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Tickets. Is it the one you slipped into your waistcoat pocket some time ago? It may be. This week's SMITH'S WEEKLY gives its number.

How Big Football Matches are Reported.



Private Telephones, Carrier Pigeons, and a Host of Assistants Help the Reporter in His Race Against Time.

THE reporting of big football matches is a very important business. Especially is this so on Saturday afternoons, when the hundreds of thousands of enthusiasts pour out from the great football grounds all over the Kingdom, the majority of whom, not content with knowing the result of the match they have just witnessed, are also eager to learn how other clubs in the same League or in the same competition, have fared in the struggle.

Hundreds of thousands more, who have not been present at a football ground that afternoon, are just as eager to learn the results.

And as it is the first newspaper that is out with the results that does the best business, the competition to be the first in the field is a very keen one.

Each important morning and evening newspaper employs a number of reporters, who, amongst other qualifications, have an intimate and special knowledge of football, and are able to picturesquely describe the game. These are sent off on Friday evening or Saturday morning to the principal grounds, all over the kingdom.

If any of these grounds happen to be within a few miles of the reporter's office, his work is fairly easy and inexpensive. The reporters of many of the interesting evening newspapers are fixed up with private telephones in the Press box, and they speak their "report" into these, all the time that their eyes are constantly watching the players.

SENDING THE NEWS BY CARRIER PIGEONS.

At the other end of the wire a fast shorthand-writer takes down the "report," and as sheet after sheet is written, it is passed on to the compositors, to set up into type. Thus it often happens that while the spectators are still pouring out from a ground, the report of the match they have just witnessed is already being printed at so many thousand copies an hour, many miles away.

If there is no telephone, pigeons are resorted to. About a dozen specially trained "homers" are taken to the Press box, and as each sheet of manifolded paper—called a "fimsy"—is written by the reporter, he or his assistant folds it into as small a compass as possible, inserts it in an oil-paper covering, and secures it by an elastic band to the pigeon's leg.

The bird is then set free, with the hope that it will immediately make for the cote on the editorial roof. Pigeon number two is dispatched, not only with the second sheet of "fimsy," but with the first as well; pigeon number three with the third sheet of "fimsy," as well as the first and second, and so on. The reason for this is that should one of the later dispatched birds arrive at the office before its predecessors, the sub-editor will have the report right from the beginning.

As wind, fog, and rain invariably cause the birds to be late, if, indeed, they do not cause them to be lost entirely—though in fair weather they are, as a rule, trustworthy messengers—the precaution is always taken of sending a boy with a full report of the match up to half-time, from the ground to the editorial office.

THE REPORTER'S BRAIN-RACKING TRIAL.

Failing these two methods of transmitting the "copy," a boy or a couple of boys are kept constantly cycling from the football ground to the editorial office, carrying the sheets of the report as they are written.

When the reporter is at a match a great distance from his office, such methods are, of course, impossible. The telegraph is the sole source by which he can send along his report in time. Where one reporter has to do the work alone—to watch the game with an unflinching eye, remembering all the players' names and faces, and to write, perhaps, a column of descriptive matter at the rate of twenty words a minute at the same time—he has a frantic race with the clock.

This demands a ready flow of language, and ability to write at a great speed, and down will come the editor's wrath upon his shoulders should he miss an important incident in the game. There is only one way for the reporter to accomplish his task successfully, and that is by keeping his eyes glued on the players, and his pencil never off his notebook, over which it rapidly glides, without so much as a glance at it. At the big League matches the more important newspapers invariably send two reporters—an old experienced hand and a junior. The experienced reporter gives his whole attention to the game, dictating his report to a junior, who sends it off sheet by sheet as it is written.

If a specially long report is required in the shortest

possible time, the junior reporter will pass his shorthand notes to two assistants, who will transcribe them into longhand writing for the purposes of telegraphing.

The reporter, of course, does not pay for his "copy" at the usual rate of a halfpenny a word. He takes advantage of Press rates, which are seventy-five words for a shilling before 6 p.m., and one hundred words for a shilling after that time. As each batch of "copy" arrives at the telegraph office, its number of words is counted, and provided the next batch is received within half an hour of its predecessor, the whole is treated as one message, and charged for at a uniform rate. Should, however, more than half an hour elapse between the batches, each is charged for as a separate message, and that means several additional shillings on the bill.

But it is when the referee's whistle sounds the conclusion of the game that the reporter's excitement develops to fever-heat. At about a minute before time he leaves the Press box and gets as near to the exit gates as he can, while still able to see the game.

As soon as time is called, he hurries into the waiting cab, or on to the seat of his bicycle, and makes for the nearest telegraph office. There is a rush amongst reporters to be the "first in" with their copy.

This time he sends the message as a private one, at the ordinary rates, by which it has precedence of Press messages, and insures a quicker dispatch and delivery. The printing-machines are all ready and waiting for this telegram. Immediately the score is known, the figures are inserted in the portion reserved for "Stop Press News," and soon the wet sheets are being hurried away by motor-cars, carts, and bicycles, to the thousands eager to purchase them.

Sometimes it pays to send off the last of the report, including, of course, the result, before the match is actually concluded; but it not infrequently happens that a goal is scored within the last few seconds of time, and the reporter who sends along a wrong result may ruin his paper's reputation for speed and accuracy, and obtain for himself the "sack."

WHAT HE NEEDED.

A CERTAIN old gentleman residing in Aberdeen has lately become devoted to the game of golf.

The other morning, while playing round the links, he got hopelessly bunkered, and, after making several vain and ineffectual attempts to dislodge the ball, he paused to wipe the perspiration from his streaming forehead.

"How many strokes is that?" he asked of his youthful caddie. "Fifteen or sixteen?"

"Look here, mister," replied the disgusted urchin, "it ain't a golf caddie you want; it's a bloomin' billiard marker."

PUT THEM TO USE.

A NEWCASTLE firm recently advertised for a commercial traveller, and, out of the numerous applicants for the post, selected an individual who had plenty of confidence, but very little experience.

He started out on his journeyings, and nothing was heard of him for a week. Then a letter came:

"I have not succeeded in obtaining any orders yet, but have had a long interview with the principal of Messrs. Brown Bros. This, I flatter myself, is a feather in my cap, as he is a very difficult man to get at."

Three days passed, no order came, but another letter, in which the ambassador of commerce "plumed" himself on the fact that he had talked to the secretary of a large company for two hours. Yet another week rolled by, and the traveller wrote claiming another feather in his cap, on the strength of an interview with the managing director of a syndicate, and asking for more cash.

The firm wrote him as follows:

"Dear Sir,—We have received your letter, and note your request for money. We are not enclosing any; but, noting that you have a good many feathers in your cap, we should advise you to make them into a pair of white wings, and fly home."

£10 For an Article.

In order to encourage those who have done very little professional article writing, we shall be pleased to give a prize of £10 to the person who sends us before the closing date what we consider to be the best article, not exceeding a thousand words in length. The subject is left to the writer.

All manuscripts must be typewritten, and, of course, one side of the paper only should be used. Each competitor may send us as many attempts as he or she likes.

The editor has the right to use any of the manuscripts, for which payment will be made.

All manuscripts considered unsuitable for publication will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The closing date is Tuesday, October 23rd.

Envelopes should be addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked with the words "Ten Pounds" in the top left-hand corner.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Nuts to Crack.

AN ENIGMA.

SHARPEN your wits till they are keen,
Then see if you can guess
What word it is that I have seen,
And spell it with an s!

A QUIANT INSCRIPTION.

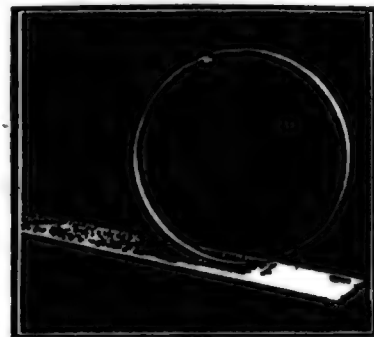
THE following curious inscription may be seen on a card hanging up in the bar of an old riverside inn in Norfolk:—

THEM . ILL . HRSLEA . VET . HEMI
LLT . HEW . HER . RYMEN . LOW
ERTH . EIRS . AILTH . EMA
LTS . TER . SLE . AVET . HE . KI
LN . FORAD . BOPO . FTH
EWHI . TESW . AN . SALE

Can you decipher it?

THE CLIMBING HOOP.

PASTE or pin together the ends of a long strip of stiff paper so as to form a hoop, and place on the table a board resting at one end upon a book. Challenge those in your company to make the hoop run up the board



without any impulse. They must of course fail, but you can succeed by secretly fastening with beeswax a small stone or piece of metal inside the hoop, as is indicated in the diagram.

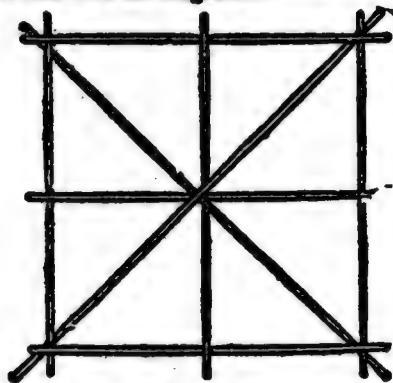
MISSING WORDS.

In the following lines the dots represent the letters of words, each a letter longer than the word before. The same letters are thus carried on, but the order of their arrangement varies:—

Nature . love . . . every land,
On burning plain, by wooded rill;
Where . . . is girt by coral strand,
Or . . . rears her castle hill.
Then from me the tale to hear,
How, true to one the bee,
Once out keeps, year by year,
The by her instinct given,
Which teach her, wheresoe'er she roam,
In every clime beneath the heaven,
To build the same home.

THE EXPLOSIVE RAFT.

WITH eight large wooden matches form a miniature raft, as is shown in the diagram:—



How can you best contrive in a moment to blow it up and destroy it utterly?

CROSSING THE CARPET.

My carpet is 22 feet across. My stride, either backwards or forwards, is always two feet, and I make a stride every second. If I take three strides forwards and two backwards continuously until I cross the carpet, how long does it take me to reach the end of it?



We do not ask for solutions. These will be found on the last page of this paper.

SMITH'S WEEKLY readers are getting rich! Another \$125 in cash and gifts offered for Cash Tickets in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY.

A FASCINATING SERIAL.

THE WHIFF OF VIOLETS.

By GORDON HOLMES.

The Principal Characters in this Story.

DAVID HARCOURT, formerly a cattle-rancher in Wyoming, but now following literature. He takes a flat that is reputed to be haunted. He knows Violet Mordaunt and tries to help her.

VIOLET MORDAUNT, whose sister, under the name of Gwendoline Barnes, died at the flat. Violet is anxious to find her sister's wedding certificate, and thus clear the dead girl's name.

VAN HUPFELDT, whom Violet has promised to marry if he gives her proofs of Gwendoline's marriage.

STRAUSS, the man to whom Gwendoline was supposed to be married. David believes him to be in reality van Hupfeldt himself.

ERMYN L'ESTRANGE, an actress, whom Strauss had put in the flat on condition that she searched part of each day for the wedding certificate and papers which he knows exist.

JENNY, Miss L'Estrange's servant, who received the certificate after her mistress quarrelled with Strauss.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN (continued). David more than Regains Lost Ground.

At the next station, four miles away, David slipped out of his carriage quickly and waited in a shed until the train had gone again. Then he interviewed the station-master, and somewhat astonished the official by tendering a return ticket from Bigsworth to London.

"Can't break your journey," said the official.

"But I've done it," said David.

"It's irregular," complained the other.

"And the train is half a mile distant."

"Well, if you pay the fare—"

David meant to forfeit his ticket. This was a new light. He paid a few pence, took a receipt, and promised himself some fun at Bigsworth.

He asked for no information. From the train he had noted a line of telegraph posts in the distance, and he stepped out smartly along a by-road until he gained the main thoroughfare. Then, being alone, he ran, and the newly-bought gloves burst their seams, so he flung them off.

When less than a mile from Bigsworth he heard the whistle of a train. Springing on to a high bank, he made out the dim, smoke-like curling of an engine and coaches beyond the hedgerows—a train coming from London.

"Van Hupfeldt is in it, of course," he decided. "I must make sure."

It needed a fine sprint, aided by the exercise of quick judgment when he neared Dale Manor, but he was hidden in a brake of branches in the park as van Hupfeldt, exceedingly pallid this glorious day of spring, walked up the drive, accompanied by the gamekeeper, dog, and gun.

The dog came near to undoing David, but a rabbit, already disturbed, ran out of the thicket, and a sharp command from the keeper brought the retriever to heel.

Van Hupfeldt entered the gardens; the keeper made off across the park. Green and brown buds, almost bursting into leaf, were already enriching the shrubs and trees of Dale Manor, especially in a sheltered hollow on the left-front of the house, where nestled a pretty lake. There the cover was good. The hunter instinct sent him that way.

"That Dutchman will make Violet bolt just as the dog started the rabbit," thought David, and he took a circuitous route to reach a summer-house on the most distant side of the ornamental water, whence, he fancied, he could command a fair view of the house and grounds.

He waited with stubborn patience, two long hours. At last he saw a man arrive in a dog-cart, and it was the coming of this person which apparently drove Violet forth, as, five minutes after the new-comer was admitted, a tall, graceful figure in black, a girl wearing a large black hat, and draping a white shawl elegantly round her shoulders, stepped out of a French window on to the smooth lawn, and looked straight at the sheet of water beyond which David lay encoined.

No need to tell him who this was. His heart did not beat now. He was glad, and something warmed his whole body, for it was chill waiting there in the shade after his run, but neither man nor water could interpose further barrier between him and his Violet, so he was calm and confident.

The girl glanced back once towards the room she had quitted, and then strolled on, ever coming nearer the glistening lake and the summer-house. She crossed the fine stretch of turf and stood for an instant near a marble statue which guarded a fountain. The distance was not great, and David thought his eyes were deceiving him when he saw that the white marble and the black-garbed girl were singularly alike in features.

It was not surprising, since the sculptor had taken Violet's great grandmother, a noted beauty of early Georgian days, as his model for the face of the dryad, and it was one of the honored traditions of Dale Manor that this figure should be promptly shielded from inclement weather, even from the dew.

Just then David was not inclined to cavil at any dis-

covery of fresh charms in Violet, but he set aside this fanciful idea, as he deemed it, and bent his mind on attracting her attention without causing a flutter either to her or to the other occupants of the house.

But she came on again, reached the lake-side path, and made him hope for a moment that she would pass by the very door of his retreat. If that were so, he would reveal himself to her soon enough to save her from being unduly alarmed by the unexpected apparition of a man in that secluded place.

Now she actually passed abreast of him, with the lake between, and soon she would round the curve of the water and face him again. Her figure was mirrored in the silver and blue of the reflected sky. So light was her step that the living, moving body seemed to be as impalpable as its spirit image.

Then David's heart did jump of a sudden, for a faint hail of "Vi," twice repeated, caught his ears and he saw Mrs. Mordaunt outside the French window calling to her daughter.

The girl turned facing David almost. He made up his mind without a moment's hesitation.

"Violet," he said, softly but clearly, "Violet, don't go. Come here. It is I, David."

The cheek of him, as Miss Ermyrn L'Estrange would have put it. Violet! David! What next?

Violet was bewitched for a second or two. She looked wildly towards the house, and at him, for he stood so that she might see him plainly, though to her mother he was invisible.

"Please come," he pleaded. "I am here for your sake, for Gwen's sake, too, and they have kept us apart so long by lies."

That the girl was greatly excited was obvious. She pressed her hands together on her bosom, though the action might pass as a simple adjustment of her shawl.

"I must go," she murmured brokenly. "They want me there to—sign some documents. And I cannot meet you—"

"Violet, sign nothing until you have heard my story. I appeal to you for a hearing. If you refuse I shall come with you to the house. But hear me first. Make some excuse."

There was ever that in David's voice which won belief. Some men ring true, some false; David had in him the clear sound of metal without flaw.

And no woman is worth her salt who cannot act more than a little.

"Give me ten minutes, mother," shrilled Violet excitedly.

"Only ten minutes; then I shall be with you—"

David, peeping through the rustic timber-work, noted with satisfaction that Mrs. Mordaunt waved a hand of agreement and re-entered the house. What, then, of devil's work was van Hupfeldt plotting in that drawing-room that Violet should be wanted to sign "documents," and that the girl's mother should recognise the need of her daughter being allowed some few minutes of grace if she so desired?

But here came Violet, all rosy now with wonder, for her blood was racing, though in her eyes, which reflected her thoughts, was an anger which David missed in his joy.

She stood framed in the doorway of the summer-house, and half-turned as though to leave it quickly.

"Now, what have you to say to me?" she breathed hurriedly.

David, who thought he was shy with women, soon found winged words to pierce the armour of a disdain he did not yet understand.

"If I obeyed my heart, Violet," he said, and she thrilled a little under the shock of hearing her Christian name so glib on his lips, "I would begin by telling you that I love you, and so throw to the winds all other considerations."

She turned and faced him, palpitating, with a certain deer-like readiness to fly.

"How dare you?"

"I am not daring. Daring springs from the heart, you know. Moreover, though the knowledge of my love is old to me, old as weary days and sleepless nights can make it, it may be new to you, unless, somehow, my love has bridged the void, and made you responsive to my passion. Ah, don't be afraid, now," for David thought she shrank from him—though, in very truth, this maiden's soul was from him—though, in very truth, this maiden's soul was from him—a quiver with the conviction that not so had van Hupfeldt spoken, not so had his ardour shaken her—"I am not here to-day as your lover, as your avowed lover I would have to-day as your self-appointed guardian, as rather say, but only as your self-appointed guardian, as one who would save you from a fate worse than death. Listen now, and believe me, for I can prove the truth. Van Hupfeldt, who would marry you, is none other than Strauss, the man who married your sister."

Violet's eyes dilated. Her lips parted as if to utter a shriek. David caught her by the wrist and drew her gently towards him. Before either of them knew what was happening, his arms were about her.

"Be brave, there's a dear girl!" he whispered. "Be brave and silent! Can you listen? Tell me you are not afraid to listen."

Again Violet was conscious that the touch of David Harcourt's arms was a very different thing from the impetuous embrace of van Hupfeldt. A sob came from her.

She seemed to lose a little of her fine stature. She was becoming smaller, more timidly womanlike, so near this masterful man.

"He married your sister," went on David. "He married Gwen in his own name of van Hupfeldt, and the birth of their child is registered in that name. I wrote and told you of the certificates being in existence. He obtained them by bribery and a trick. That is nothing. Even if they are destroyed they can be replaced by the proper authorities. I know where the child is living. I can take you to it. I can bring Dibbin, the agent here, to face van Hupfeldt, and prove that he is none other than Strauss, your sister's husband and slayer. I can bring Sarah Glissing, your sister's servant, to identify him as the man whom poor Gwen loved as her husband, and the father of her child. Were it not for my own folly, I could have brought you her diary—"

"Her diary! Has it been found?" gasped Violet, lifting up her eyes to his in sheer amazement.

"Yes; I found it."

"But where—and how?"

"It was fastened into the back of a picture, a mezzotint of Turner's."

"In the back of a picture!" she murmured, with a certain strange dejection which David found adorable, nor should it be forgotten that the only time David possessed absolute and undeniable evidence of the presence of some unseen person in his flat, he had shot at and wounded a man.

"Yes, dear; may I call you 'dear'?"

"And you have it?"

"No."

"No!" He felt a spasm of doubt in her very shoulders, a slight withdrawing from him, for Violet was ever being denied proof, the actual, tangible proof which alone can banish suspicion from a sorely-tried nature.

"Van Hupfeldt stole it from the flat during my absence."

"How could that be?"

"He has duplicate keys, I suppose. Once before I have reason to believe he was there. We struggled together, one on each side of a door. It was in the dark, and he managed to dodge past me, but I fired at him and drew blood, I think."

"When was that?" she demanded with a quickness which did not escape him.

"On the morning of the day you were to have met me at the cemetery, but sent such a bitter little note instead."

"A bitter little note!"

And thus were the words said which, pursued for another sentence, must have unmasked van Hupfeldt wholly; but they were both so excited, so carried out of all bounds of reasoned thought, that Violet flew off at a tangent, and David doubled after her, so delightful was it to hear the words coming from her lips, to watch her eyes telegraph their secret meanings.

"He was lame that day," she whispered. "He is not quite free from stiffness in his walk yet."

"Ah! I hit him, then?" And David smiled a different kind of smile from that which Violet was learning to like.

"But, if all that you say is true, the man is a monster," she cried in a sudden rage.

"I am coming to think that he is not in his right mind," said David, a surprising charity springing up in him.

"And do you know what they are waiting for now?" she asked vehemently.

"I cannot tell, save that it is for you."

"They want me to sign a marriage settlement. Oh, what a vile world!"

"Not a vile world, dear; nor are its humans altogether bad. Even this van Hupfeldt, or Strauss, seems to have loved your sister. And she did love him. Poor girl! She meant to kill herself on his account, owing to some secret he revealed to her, something about another woman, who had adopted him as her son. . . . That was not clear in her story. She purposely kept the definite things out of her diary."

The girl's mind was driven back, with quick rebound, to the memory of her sister's fate. The mere mention of the name of Strauss touched a poignant chord. Strauss was a blacker, more Satanic, creature in her imagination than van Hupfeldt. She wrenched herself free and sprang towards the door.

"Do you swear that you are telling me the truth?"

"I swear it."

"Then I go now to meet him, and his lawyer, and my mother. Poor mother! How she will suffer!"

"Shall I come with you?"

She blushed. She began to remember, more vividly each instant, how long she had been there in his arms, almost clinging to him.

"Better not," she said. "I shall drive him away, and when mother and I have cried together we shall see you. Are you staying in the village?"

"Yes. At the inn, the 'Feathers' I think it is called."

"Then I shall send for you to-night, or perhaps to-morrow morning."

"Make it to-night, if possible. Tell your mother I will not add to her sorrows, and it is best she should know all."

"Very well—I will."

"Good-bye, then, Violet."

A Five Pound Note is offered this week for one of the SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Tickets. Is it the one you slipped into your waistcoat pocket some time ago? It may be. This week's SMITH'S WEEKLY gives its number.

"Good-bye, David."

He held out his hand so frankly that she placed her white fingers within the grasp of his strong ones. He was tempted to draw her nearer, but her colour rose again, her eyes dropped, and she tore herself away, breaking almost into a run.

David, careless whether he was seen or not, walked off towards the lodge, glancing every now and then over his shoulder to watch Violet hastening to the house. Once, when crossing the lawn, she looked around and waved a hand to him. He replied. Then she vanished, and David walked on, the happiest man in England.

What a pity it is that ignorance should so often be an essential part of bliss. David should either have gone with Violet, or, failing that, he should have let van Hupfeldt believe that he was well on his way to London. As it was, van Hupfeldt saw him crossing the park, and such a man forewarned is forearmed.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN. From the Depths.

VIOLET entered the drawing-room with the air of one who rejoices in good news. Considering that she had just learnt the certainty of her sister's fair fame, and that, in the same breath, she was freed from van Hupfeldt's pestering, was it to be wondered at if, since the dread day she received a letter from a loved one already dead, she had never once looked so light-hearted, so full of the wine of life as when she danced into the house after her interview with David? And this quickening of her pulses boded no good to van Hupfeldt.

A lawyer-like man was arranging parchments on a table—a large, square table which had evidently been brought from a library for the purpose, as the day was chill indoors, and the drawing-room was cosy with a log fire.

Van Hupfeldt, who had turned from the window before Violet appeared, affected to be examining the great red seals on the green ribands laced into the vellum. That weak heart of his was knocking hard at his ribs; but his lips were tight set; he was fighting with his back to the wall, for that interloper, David Harcourt, must have told Violet everything. So, really, van Hupfeldt deserved some consideration for his splendid nonchalance.

Mrs. Mordaunt sat in an easy-chair, stroking her toy Pom. She was anxious for these preliminaries to be done with. Dale Manor was an expensive place to keep up; van Hupfeldt's millions would restore the family fortunes.

So she hailed her daughter pleasantly, after one critical glance.

"Your little walk did, indeed, bring out the roses, Vi. But you were rather beyond the ten minutes, and Mr. Sharpe is a business man, dear; we must not detain him unduly."

Mr. Sharpe coughed with deference. He was open to be detained, or retained, for the rest of his life at a price per diem.

"Ah, yes," said Violet softly, giving van Hupfeldt a queer look which he alone understood. "There are things to be signed, something about someone of the first part, and some other person of the second part. Why do you use such odd terms, Mr. Sharpe?"

"It is the jargon of the law, Miss Mordaunt. Every line adds a mite to the small incomes of us poor lawyers."

"But who are these people?"

Mr. Sharpe looked puzzled.

"The first deed recites the marriage contract between you and Mr. van Hupfeldt," he began to explain.

"But," Violet said, and her words had the cold clink of ice in a glass, "who is Mr. van Hupfeldt?"

"Vi! This from Mrs. Mordaunt."

"Mother, better not interfere. You don't seem to understand, Mr. Sharpe. You spoke of a Mr. Henry van Hupfeldt. Who is he?"

The lawyer, smirking at the hidden joke, pointed to the man standing by the table.

"Of course, that is he," he said.

"Oh, no. That is Johann Strauss, the man who married and, it may be found, killed my sister. You must look further into your papers, Mr. Sharpe. There is some terrible mistake. Perhaps, if you went on your knees and prayed to God for guidance in your work, it might be better!"

"Vi!" shrieked her mother again, and the dog in her lap sprang off in alarm.

The solicitor stood dumfounded, still thinking that some bizarre piece of humour was toward. It was van Hupfeldt who saved Mrs. Mordaunt from imminent hysteria.

"Violet has been talking to that fellow, Harcourt, whom I told you of," he said quite coolly. "She is, unfortunately, only too ready to believe him, and a further wall of distrust is built between us at a most inopportune moment. I am sorry, Mrs. Mordaunt; it is not my fault. And I would have saved you from this, Violet. I knew he had left London, so I wired precautions. But he is a scamp of unparalleled audacity and resource. Surely you have given him no money?"

Violet, scarce trusting her ears, listened to the calm, smooth sentences with rising indignation. But she mastered herself sufficiently to say:

"He has told me everything, about the certificates, the diary, all. The time of lies has passed. Did you, then, kill my sister?"

"Why condense the tale? Of course he assured you that Dibbin, the agent who let the flat to your sister's husband, will readily identify me as Strauss; that Sarah Glasing, her servant, will hail me as her former master!"

"Yes. He did say that."

"Why did he not bring them here?"

"He will bring them to-morrow."

Van Hupfeldt smiled wearily. It seemed as though he could not help himself.

"Forgive me, Violet," he said. "It is I who will bring them—not Harcourt. He dare not. His bubble bursts the moment you ask for proof. Indeed, I am beginning to think the man is mad; he must have conceived an insane

affection for you, and you are committing a great wrong in giving him these clandestine meetings."

This was too much. Violet advanced towards him with eyes a-flame.

"There were days in the history of the world when men were struck dead from Heaven," she cried.

"That is yet possible," he answered with a strange humility.

"Do you deny all—*all*?" she almost screamed.

"Not only do I deny, but I affirm, and I have my proofs. I have known for some time, not very long, it is true, that a man named Johann Strauss did assume my name when he married your sister. There is nothing remarkable in that. I am a rich man, known to many. The adoption of a pseudonym is a common device of actors. There was no real resemblance between this person, Strauss, and myself. Of that fact those who were well acquainted with him—Dibbin, and Sarah Glasing—will assure you, to-morrow, in this house."

"I have your sister's marriage certificate, and the birth registration of her child. I know where the child is. I will bring the foster-mother to tell you that I am not the man who entrusted the infant to her care. I have your sister's diary, which this Harcourt did really secure. I got it from him by a trick, I admit, but only to save you from becoming his dupe. Now I have placed all my cards on the table, by the side of your marriage settlement. Can David Harcourt do as much?"

The girl's lips quivered a little. What was she to believe? In whom was she to trust? She wanted to cry, but she dug her nails into her white hands, for the incircling grasp of David's arms still tingled on her shoulders.

"Why do you tell me all this only when I force it from you?" she asked.

"You answer your own question. You force it from me. Exactly. I would prefer that my promised wife should have trust in me. I wished to spare you certain sordid revelations, but because some American adventurer happens upon a family tragedy and uses it for his own purposes—whether base or not I do not stop to inquire—you treat me as the one quite unworthy of belief. Violet, you hurt me more than you know."

The man's voice broke. Tears stood in his eyes. The girl was nearly distraught under the stress of the struggle going on within her.

"Henry van Hupfeldt," she said solemnly, looking him straight in the face, "may the Lord judge between me and you if I have wronged you!"

"No, sweet girl, you cannot wrong me, for my conscience is clear, but it is a hard thing that you should incline rather to this blackmailer than to me."

"Blackmailer!" The ugly word came from her lips in sheer protest; the lash of a whip could not have stung as cruelly.

"Yes, most certainly. Did he not demand a hundred pounds from you? Let me go to him and offer five hundred, and you will never see or hear of him again."

"Oh, if that is so, there is no faith or honesty in the world."

"Is he your world, then?" demanded van Hupfeldt bitterly, and even Mrs. Mordaunt broke in with her moan:

"Oh, Vi!"

"Let us end this distressing scene," went on van Hupfeldt with a repressed indignation that was exceedingly convincing. "Mr. Sharpe, you see, of course, that Miss Mordaunt cannot be expected to complete these agreements to-day. Please be here to-morrow at the same time. Before that hour I shall be back from London with all the witnesses and documents which shall prove to Miss Mordaunt's complete satisfaction that she has been grossly misled by a cleverly concocted story. Indeed, I would be glad if, subsequently, you interviewed this David Harcourt. It seems to me almost credible now that he himself believes the extraordinary tale he has made up."

"Whatever you please shall be done, sir," said the lawyer. "And may I add, for the benefit of these two ladies, that—my own knowledge of your position and—er—career, completely excludes such a preposterous—er—"

"Thank you, Mr. Sharpe," broke in van Hupfeldt. "You mean that kindly, I know; but this is a matter between Miss Mordaunt and myself at the moment."

The solicitor gathered up his papers and withdrew. For a little while there was no sound in the room except the mother's sobbing and the daughter's laboured breathing, for unhappy Violet was so torn with doubt that her breast appeared to be unable to harbour its agitation. A few minutes ago she deemed herself free from a compact hateful to her soul, yet, here was van Hupfeldt more convincing, more compelling, than ever. To her terrified eyes the man assumed the shape and properties of a python, a monstrous snake from which there was no escape.

And then the sibilant hiss of his voice reached her dulled ears.

"Mrs. Mordaunt, may I appeal to your authority? Surely this Harcourt will not be admitted here during

my absence? I do not ask much—only a respite of twenty-four hours. Then I return, with *all* the proofs."

"Why have they been withheld so long?" came Violet's agonised protest.

"I do declare, Vi," broke in her mother, "that you would try the patience of Job. Have you lost all your fine sense of honour and fairness. What more can Mr. van Hupfeldt do to please you? And where do you meet this young man who so unwarrantably thrusts himself into our affairs, I should like to know?"

Poor Violet knew that the British matron instinct was fighting against her now. And there never was a girl more bound up in her family ties than this one.

"Forgive me, mother," she said wearily. "The long struggle is at an end now. Let Mr. van Hupfeldt keep his promise, and I shall not cause further difficulty."

"Well said!" cried van Hupfeldt eagerly. "That is a brave resolve. I accept it implicitly. Mrs. Mordaunt, I trust you will not be angry with my Violet while I am away. I know how she has suffered—it is for me to make amends for all that. And I promise her happiness, a full cup. And, meanwhile, Violet—"

"I agree. I neither see, nor speak to, nor send any message to David Harcourt, so far as lies in my power, until you return to-morrow."

"I kiss my hand to you both," cried van Hupfeldt with the gallant air which came natural to him, and he went out. His preparations were soon made. A carriage took him to the station; but, before he quitted the Manor, he sent for the gamekeeper.

"You were remiss in your duty," he said sternly to the man. "The person of whom I warned you has been in the park and has spoken to Miss Violet. Now, listen carefully to what I say. Obtain any help you require, and guard this house and its grounds so that not a bird can fly over it nor a rabbit scamper among the bushes without your knowledge. Do this until I return to-morrow, and I will give you fifty pounds, but fail in the least particular, and you will be dismissed instantly."

He was gone with a rush of whipped horses.

Velveteens took thought.

"Twice in one day!" he growled. "A licking or the sack, an' fifty quid or the sack; which is it to be?"

It might be one, or all, or none. Of such firsts, seconds, and thirds is the acrostic of life made up. But the promise of money stirred the man's dull wits. No watch-dog could have been more faithful to his trust, and, by lavish offers of silver and beer—deferred luxuries, of course—he secured the aid of certain local poachers, his lasting enemies, but his friends for the night. In a word, if David had crept again into the park, he would probably have been beaten to a jelly.

But David attempted nothing of the sort. He was quite loyal to his pact with Violet, never dreaming of the ordeal to which the girl had submitted. Nevertheless, having no sort of occupation, he kept his eyes and ears open. He saw Mr. Sharpe drive through the village, and was told that the lawyer was head of a trusted firm in the county town. He saw van Hupfeldt pass towards the station, and the ostler learnt from a railway porter that the "gentleman from the Manor" had gone to "Lunnon."

This gave David cause to think, seeing that there was no news from Violet. But he waited, with much hope and some spasms of miserableness, through the long, dull evening; heard nothing from her; went to bed; tossed restlessly until the sun rose; met the village postman at the door of the inn; and still received no tidings.

He breakfasted, hung about, watched the road, snatched as far as the lodge, nodded affably to velveteens behind the bars, and caught no glimpse of Violet. Then he determined to break the spell of silence. He returned to the inn and wrote a letter, which he entrusted to His Majesty's Postmaster-General for express delivery.

Sure enough, the postmistress's young sister refused to be turned back by the Cerberus at the gate, nor would she tell her business. The man knew her, suspected her errand, but dared not interfere, having a wholesome regard for the law; so all he could do was to note her coming and going, and report to his briber, for he was Mrs. Mordaunt's servant.

And this is what David wrote:

"My dear one,—Can it be that some newly-conceived lie has kept you from sending for me? I only ask your full inquiry—I stand or fall by that. But spare me this silence, for I am eating my heart out.—Yours, David."

The messenger tripped back.

"No answer, sir," she said, and the words smote David such a blow that his cheek blanched, while the girl wondered.

"To whom did you hand my note?" he managed to ask.

"To Miss Violet, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Gave it to her myself."

"And she read it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she say anything?"

"Just that, sir; 'No answer.'"

Then David, in a mighty wrath and fume, dashed off another note:

"Very well," he wrote; "be it so. I return to London. God help you if you marry that man! You will sink to the pit, and the angels alone will be able to lift you therefrom. Let there be no error this time. I leave for London at 1.15 p.m. If you want me you must either detain me now or come to me in London."

Back went the postmistress's sister, marvelling at the strangeness of these one-sided missives between the young lady of the Manor and a handsome young man at the "Feathers." Being seventeen, she took David's side as against Violet. So she added, on her own account, when she saw the white-faced aristocrat in the house, the explanatory statement that "the young gentleman seemed to be very much upset at receiving no reply."

Poor Violet, in whom loyalty was hereditary, could not break her word. But she did say:

"I have no message to-day, but I know Mr. Harcourt's address."

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That was the only crumb of comfort vouchsafed to David. Away he went at 1.15, nor did the volcano in him show any sign of subsidence when he reached the gloom and shadows of No. 7, Eddystone Mansions.

For a little drop of acutest poison had been poured into his ear by the gossip of the village. In the bar overnight he heard yokels talking of the need of money at the big house, how van Hupfeldt's wealth would make the flowers grow again in Rigsworth.

He smiled at the conceit then; now he knew that deadly nightshade was sown in the garden of his hopes, for he imagined that money had proved more potent than love.

It was a remarkable thing that of all the pictures in the fat, he had left untouched the portrait in chalk which hung over the dining-room fireplace.

It savoured too much of sacrilege to disturb that ethereal face, but David was in far too savage a mood to check at sentiment during those dark hours. He surveyed the portrait almost vindictively, though, had he been less bitter, he might have seen a reassuring smile in the parted lips. So it came to pass that, after eating some dry bread, which was the only food he found in the larder, he lit a pipe, looked at the picture again, and yielded to the impulse to examine it.

Strong as his nerves were, he had to force himself to apply a knife to his brown-papered back. And then, with a queer vindictive howl of triumph, he drew forth a curiously insipid portrait of van Hupfeldt, inscribed, "To Gwen," with a date, and, folded behind it, a terrible little note, merely dated "Paris, Tuesday," which read:

"My poor girl,—At last, then, you force the miserable truth from me. Mrs. Strauss is my wife. She is twice my age. She forced me to marry her, ten years ago, for her money. She is, indeed, dying, and then I can fly to you. For the sake of our boy, forgive me.—Harry."

Ah! There was something sadly animal in David's triumph. He felt like a dog which has seized the rat after which it has been straining, and, in a minute or two, he had the grace to be ashamed of himself. Then he thought of Violet, and he broke down, crying like a child. Those tears were good for him; they brought him back to sanity and garlanded the dark places of his heart.

But what to do? That was more than ever the problem. He bolted and barred his door that night, and the photograph and letter lay beside his revolver under his pillow. Not forty van Hupfeldts, nor a legion of ghosts, should relieve him of those pieces of evidence!

(Another long instalment next week.)

"I'd like to know," demanded the irate passenger, "why you don't give better service on this line? Here I am forty minutes late this morning."

"We are giving better service," retorted the railway manager. "Last month this train was always fifty minutes late."

PLAYED SECOND FIDDLE.

ONE of those international gatherings, which consist mainly of dignity and broken English, was in progress, and a certain polite and much-honoured Frenchman had been presented to the mayor of the town in which the gathering was being held.

"Ah, sure, permit me ze honour of giving you my felicitations, and to your talented family likewise. Ze music, it ees a beautiful gift, and I hope to haf ze honour of harking your pairformance."

"Pardon, m'sieu," said the mystified magnate; "but you are mistaken. I know nothing of music."

"Ah, but that is vot you call your hang back—your modiste. I haf hear it several couples of times, zat your vife plays ze first violin, and zat you play ze second fiddle to 'er."

Mrs. KNICKER: "Weren't you frightened when the bull bellowed at you on account of your new dress?"

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EDWARDS' SOUP

DESSICATED

"Good-bye, David."

He held out his hand so frankly that she placed her white fingers within the grasp of his strong ones. He was tempted to draw her nearer, but her colour rose again, her eyes dropped, and she tore herself away, breaking almost into a run.

David, careless whether he was seen or not, walked off towards the lodge, glancing every now and then over his shoulder to watch Violet hastening to the house. Once, when crossing the lawn, she looked around and waved a hand to him. He replied. Then she vanished, and David walked on, the happiest man in England.

What a pity it is that ignorance should so often be an essential part of bliss. David should either have gone with Violet, or, failing that, he should have let van Hupfeldt believe that he was well on his way to London. As it was, van Hupfeldt saw him crossing the park, and such a man forewarned is forearmed.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN. From the Depths.

VIOLET entered the drawing-room with the air of one who rejoices in good news. Considering that she had just learnt the certainty of her sister's fair fame, and that, in the same breath, she was freed from van Hupfeldt's pestering, was it to be wondered at if, since the dread day she received a letter from a loved one already dead, she had never once looked so light-hearted, so full of the wine of life as when she danced into the house after her interview with David? And this quickening of her pulses boded no good to van Hupfeldt.

A lawyer-like man was arranging parchments on a table—a large, square table which had evidently been brought from a library for the purpose, as the day was chill indoors, and the drawing-room was cosy with a log fire.

Van Hupfeldt, who had turned from the window before Violet appeared, affected to be examining the great red seals on the green ribands laced into the vellum. That weak heart of his was knocking hard at his ribs; but his lips were tight set; he was fighting with his back to the wall, for that interloper, David Harcourt, must have told Violet everything. So, really, van Hupfeldt deserved some consideration for his splendid nonchalance.

Mrs. Mordaunt sat in an easy-chair, stroking her toy Pom. She was anxious for these preliminaries to be done with. Dale Manor was an expensive place to keep up; van Hupfeldt's millions would restore the family fortunes.

So she hailed her daughter pleasantly, after one critical glance.

"Your little walk did, indeed, bring out the roses, Vi. But you were rather beyond the ten minutes, and Mr. Sharpe is a business man, dear; we must not detain him unduly."

Mr. Sharpe coughed with deference. He was open to be detained, or retained, for the rest of his life at a price per diem.

"Ah, yes," said Violet softly, giving van Hupfeldt a queer look which he alone understood. "There are things to be signed, something about someone of the first part, and some other person of the second part. Why do you use such odd terms, Mr. Sharpe?"

"It is the jargon of the law, Miss Mordaunt. Every line adds a mite to the small incomes of us poor lawyers."

"But who are these people?"

Mr. Sharpe looked puzzled.

"The first deed recites the marriage contract between you and Mr. van Hupfeldt," he began to explain.

"But," Violet said, and her words had the cold clink of ice in a glass, "who is Mr. van Hupfeldt?"

"Vi!" This from Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Mother, better not interfere. You don't seem to understand, Mr. Sharpe. You spoke of a Mr. Henry van Hupfeldt. Who is he?"

The lawyer, smirking at the hidden joke, pointed to the man standing by the table.

"Of course, that is he," he said.

"Oh, no. That is Johann Strauss, the man who married and, it may be found, killed my sister. You must look further into your papers, Mr. Sharpe. There is some terrible mistake. Perhaps, if you went on your knees and prayed to God for guidance in your work, it might be better!"

"Vi!" shrieked her mother again, and the dog in her lap sprang off in alarm.

The solicitor stood dumfounded, still thinking that some bizarre piece of humour was toward. It was van Hupfeldt who saved Mrs. Mordaunt from imminent hysteria.

"Violet has been talking to that fellow, Harcourt, whom I told you of," he said quite coolly. "She is, unfortunately, only too ready to believe him, and a further wall of distrust is built between us at a most inopportune moment. I am sorry, Mrs. Mordaunt; it is not my fault. And I would have saved you from this, Violet. I knew he had left London, so I wired precautions. But he is a scamp of unparalleled audacity and resource. Surely you have given him no money?"

Violet, scarce trusting her ears, listened to the calm, smooth sentences with rising indignation. But she mastered herself sufficiently to say:

"He has told me everything, about the certificates, the diary, all. The time of lies has passed. Did you, then, kill my sister?"

"Why condense the tale? Of course he assured you that Dibbin, the agent who let the flat to your sister's husband, will readily identify me as Strauss; that Sarah Gissing, her servant, will hail me as her former master?"

"Yes. He did say that."

"Why did he not bring them here?"

"He will bring them to-morrow."

Van Hupfeldt smiled wearily. It seemed as though he could not help himself.

"Forgive me, Violet," he said. "It is I who will bring them—not Harcourt. He dare not. His bubble bursts the moment you ask for proof. Indeed, I am beginning to think the man is mad; he must have conceived an insane

affection for you, and you are committing a great wrong in giving him these clandestine meetings."

This was too much. Violet advanced towards him with eyes a-flame.

"There were days in the history of the world when men were struck dead from Heaven," she cried.

"That is yet possible," he answered with a strange humility.

"Do you deny all—*all*?" she almost screamed.

"Not only do I deny, but I affirm, and I have my proofs. I have known for some time, not very long, it is true, that a man named Johann Strauss did assume my name when he married your sister. There is nothing remarkable in that. I am a rich man, known to many. The adoption of a pseudonym is a common device of actors. There was no real resemblance between this person, Strauss, and myself. Of that fact those who were well acquainted with him—Dibbin, and Sarah Gissing—will assure you, to-morrow, in this house."

"I have your sister's marriage certificate, and the birth registration of her child. I know where the child is. I will bring the foster-mother to tell you that I am not the man who entrusted the infant to her care. I have your sister's diary, which this Harcourt did really secure. I got it from him by a trick. I admit, but only to save you from becoming his dupe. Now I have placed all my cards on the table, by the side of your marriage settlement. Can David Harcourt do as much?"

The girl's lips quivered a little. What was she to believe? In whom was she to trust? She wanted to cry, but she dug her nails into her white hands, for the incircling grasp of David's arms still tingled on her shoulders.

"Why do you tell me all this only when I force it from you?" she asked.

"You answer your own question. You force it from me. Exactly. I would prefer that my promised wife should have trust in me. I wished to spare you certain sordid revelations, but because some American adventurer happens upon a family tragedy and uses it for his own purposes—whether base or not I do not stop to inquire—you treat me as the one quite unworthy of belief. Violet, you hurt me more than you know."

The man's voice broke. Tears stood in his eyes. The girl was nearly distraught under the stress of the struggle going on within her.

"Henry van Hupfeldt," she said solemnly, looking him straight in the face, "may the Lord judge between me and you if I have wronged you!"

"No, sweet girl, you cannot wrong me, for my conscience is clear, but it is a hard thing that you should incline rather to this blackmailer than to me."

"Blackmailer!" The ugly word came from her lips in sheer protest; the lash of a whip could not have stung as cruelly.

"Yes, most certainly. Did he not demand a hundred pounds from you? Let me go to him and offer five hundred, and you will never see or hear of him again."

"Oh, if that is so, there is no faith or honesty in the world."

"Is he your world, then?" demanded van Hupfeldt bitterly, and even Mrs. Mordaunt broke in with her moan:

"Oh, Vi!"

"Let us end this distressing scene," went on van Hupfeldt with a repressed indignation that was exceedingly convincing. "Mr. Sharpe, you see, of course, that Miss Mordaunt cannot be expected to complete these agreements to-day. Please be here to-morrow at the same time. Before that hour I shall be back from London with all the witnesses and documents which shall prove to Miss Mordaunt's complete satisfaction that she has been grossly misled by a cleverly concocted story. Indeed, I would be glad if, subsequently, you interviewed this David Harcourt. It seems to me almost credible now that he himself believes the extraordinary tale he has made up."

"Whatever you please shall be done, sir," said the lawyer. "And may I add, for the benefit of these two ladies, that—er—my own knowledge of your position and—er—career, completely excludes such a preposterous—er—"

"Thank you, Mr. Sharpe," broke in van Hupfeldt. "You mean that kindly, I know; but this is a matter between Miss Mordaunt and myself at the moment."

The solicitor gathered up his papers and withdrew. For a little while there was no sound in the room except the mother's sobbing and the daughter's laboured breathing, for unhappy Violet was so torn with doubt that her breast appeared to be unable to harbour its agitation. A few minutes ago she deemed herself free from a compact hateful to her soul, yet, here was van Hupfeldt more convincing, more compelling, than ever. To her terrified eyes the man assumed the shape and properties of a python, a monstrous snake from which there was no escape.

And then the sibilant hiss of his voice reached her dulled ears.

"Mrs. Mordaunt, may I appeal to your authority? Surely this Harcourt will not be admitted here during

my absence? I do not ask much—only a respite of twenty-four hours. Then I return, with *all* the proofs."

"Why have they been withheld so long?" came Violet's agonised protest.

"I do declare, Vi," broke in her mother, "that you would try the patience of Job. Have you lost all your fine sense of honour and fairness. What more can Mr. van Hupfeldt do to please you? And where do you meet this young man who so unwarrantably thrusts himself into our affairs, I should like to know?"

Poor Violet knew that the British matron instinct was fighting against her now. And there never was a girl more bound up in her family ties than this one.

"Forgive me, mother," she said wearily. "The long struggle is at an end now. Let Mr. van Hupfeldt keep his promise, and I shall not cause further difficulty."

"Well said!" cried van Hupfeldt eagerly. "That is a brave resolve. I accept it implicitly. Mrs. Mordaunt, I trust you will not be angry with my Violet while I am away. I know how she has suffered—it is for me to make amends for all that. And I promise her happiness, a full cup. And, meanwhile, Violet—"

"I agree. I neither see, nor speak to, nor send any message to David Harcourt, so far as lies in my power, until you return to-morrow."

"I kiss my hand to you both," cried van Hupfeldt with the gallant air which came natural to him, and he went out. His preparations were soon made. A carriage took him to the station; but, before he quitted the Manor, he sent for the gamekeeper.

"You were remiss in your duty," he said sternly to the man. "The person of whom I warned you has been in the park and has spoken to Miss Violet. Now, listen carefully to what I say. Obtain any help you require, and guard this house and its grounds so that not a bird can fly over it nor a rabbit scamper among the bushes without your knowledge. Do this until I return to-morrow, and I will give you fifty pounds, but fail in the least particular, and you will be dismissed instantly."

He was gone with a rush of whipped horses.

Velveteens took thought.

"Twice in one day!" he growled. "A licking or the sack, an' fifty quid or the sack; which is it to be?"

It might be one, or all, or none. Of such firsts, seconds, and thirds is the acrostic of life made up. But the promise of money stirred the man's dull wits. No watch-dog could have been more faithful to his trust, and, by lavish offers of silver and beer—deferred luxuries, of course—he secured the aid of certain local poachers, his lasting enemies, but his friends for the night. In a word, if David had crept again into the park, he would probably have been beaten to a jelly.

But David attempted nothing of the sort. He was quite loyal to his pact with Violet, never dreaming of the ordeal to which the girl had submitted. Nevertheless, having no sort of occupation, he kept his eyes and ears open. He saw Mr. Sharpe drive through the village, and was told that the lawyer was head of a trusted firm in the county town. He saw van Hupfeldt pass towards the station, and the ostler learnt from a railway porter that the "gentleman from the Manor" had gone to "Lunnon."

This gave David cause to think, seeing that there was no news from Violet. But he waited, with much hope and some spasms of miserableness, through the long, dull evening; heard nothing from her; went to bed; tossed restlessly until the sun rose; met the village postman at the door of the inn; and still received no tidings.

He breakfasted, hung about, watched the road, sauntered as far as the lodge, nodded affably to velveteens behind the bars, and caught no glimpse of Violet. Then he determined to break the spell of silence. He returned to the inn and wrote a letter, which he entrusted to His Majesty's Postmaster-General for express delivery.

Sure enough, the postmistress's young sister refused to be turned back by the Carabus at the gate, nor would she tell her business. The man knew her, suspected her errand, but dared not interfere, having a wholesome regard for the law; so all he could do was to note her coming and going, and report to his briber, for he was Mrs. Mordaunt's servant.

And this is what David wrote:

"My dear one,—Can it be that some newly-concealed lie has kept you from sending for me? I only ask your full inquiry—I stand or fall by that. But spare me this silence, for I am eating my heart out.—Yours, David."

The messenger tripped back.

"No answer, sir," he said, and the words smote David such a blow that his cheek flamed, while the girl wondered.

"To whom did you hand my note?" he managed to ask.

"To Miss Violet, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Gave it to her myself."

"And she read it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she say anything?"

"Just that, sir: 'No answer.'"

Then David, in a mighty wrath and fume, dashed off another note:

"Very well," he wrote; "be it so. I return to London. God help you if you marry that man! You will sink to the pit, and the angels alone will be able to lift you therefrom. Let there be no error this time. I leave for London at 1.15 p.m. If you want me you must either detain me now or come to me in London."

Back went the postmistress's sister, marvelling at the strangeness of these one-sided missives between the young lady of the Manor and a handsome young man at the "Feathers." Being seventeen, she took David's side as against Violet. So she added, on her own account, when she saw the white-faced aristocrat in the house, the explanatory statement that "the young gentleman seemed to be very much upset at receiving no reply."

Poor Violet, in whom loyalty was hereditary, could not break her word. But she did say:

"I have no message to-day, but I know Mr. Harcourt's address."

FOR THE BEST AND FULLEST REPORTS OF FOOTBALL

read the London

Daily Express

On sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls
throughout the Country.

SMITH'S WEEKLY readers are getting rich! Another £125 in cash and gifts offered for Cash Tickets in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY.

That was the only crumb of comfort vouchsafed to David. Away he went at 1.15, nor did the volcano in him show any sign of subsidence when he reached the gloom and shadows of No. 7, Eddystone Mansions.

For a little drop of acutest poison had been poured into his ear by the gossip of the village. In the bar over-night he heard yowls talking of the need of money at the big house, how van Hupfeldt's wealth would make the flowers grow again in Rigsworth.

He smiled at the conceit then; now he knew that deadly nightshade was sown in the garden of his hopes, for he imagined that money had proved more potent than love. It was a remarkable thing that of all the pictures in the flat, he had left untouched the portrait in chalk which hung over the dining-room fireplace.

It savoured too much of sacrilege to disturb that ethereal face, but David was in far too savage a mood to check at sentiment during those dark hours. He surveyed the portrait almost vindictively, though, had he been less bitter, he might have seen a reassuring smile in the parted lips. So it came to pass that, after eating some dry bread, which was the only food he found in the larder, he lit a pipe, looked at the picture again, and yielded to the impulse to examine it.

Strong as his nerves were, he had to force himself to apply a knife to the brown-papered back. And then, with a queer vindictive howl of triumph, he drew forth a curiously insipid portrait of van Hupfeldt, inscribed, "To Gwen," with a date, and, folded behind it, a terrible little note, merely dated "Paris, Tuesday," which read:

"My poor girl,—At last, then, you force the miserable truth from me. Mrs. Strauss is my wife. She is twice my age. She forced me to marry her, ten years ago, for her money. She is, indeed, dying, and then I can fly to you. For the sake of our boy, forgive me.—Harry."

Ah! There was something sadly animal in David's triumph. He felt like a dog which has seized the rat after which it has been straining, and, in a minute or two, he had the grace to be ashamed of himself. Then he thought of Violet, and he broke down, crying like a child. Those tears were good for him; they brought him back to sanity and garnished the dark places of his heart.

But what to do! That was more than ever the problem. He bolted and barred his door that night, and the photograph and letter lay beside his revolver under his pillow. Not forty van Hupfeldts, nor a legion of ghosts, should relieve him of those pieces of evidence!

(Another long instalment next week.)

"I'd like to know," demanded the irate passenger, "why you don't give better service on this line? Here I am forty minutes late this morning."

"We are giving better service," retorted the railway manager. "Last month this train was always fifty minutes late."

PLAYED SECOND FIDDLE.

One of those international gatherings, which consist mainly of dignity and broken English, was in progress, and a certain polite and much-honoured Frenchman had been presented to the mayor of the town in which the gathering was being held.

"Ah, sure, permit me ze honour of giving you my felicitations, and to your talented family likewise. Ze music, it ees a beautiful gift, and I hope to haf ze honour of harking your performance."

"Pardon, m'sieu," said the mystified magnate; "but you are mistaken. I know nothing of music."

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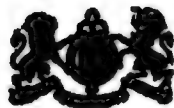
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EDWARDS'
DESSICATED
SOUP

THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

For a Milk Pudding

Composed of rice or sago, allow two table-spoonfuls of either ingredient to each pint of milk. If skim milk be used, add a dessertspoonful of finely chopped suet for each pint of milk.

Potato and Cod Salad.

Take some cold boiled potatoes and cut into slices. Mix with some flakes of cold boiled cod. Pour over a thick salad dressing and serve with chopped parsley as a garnish.

Currant Loaf.

Knead into two pounds of dough when ready for baking two ounces of washed and dried currants, three table-spoonfuls of moist sugar, and one ounce of butter. Set to rise and then bake as an ordinary loaf.

Pickled Sauce for Fried Fish.

Make half a pint of melted butter sauce, add to it a table-spoonful of chopped gherkins or picnilli, and a table-spoonful of the vinegar from either. Boil for two minutes while stirring and serve hot.

French Egg Broth.

Beat an egg until very light and pour on to it half-a-pint of boiling milk. Whilst still beating briskly, add pepper and salt, and, at the last moment, dust over a little chopped parsley. This makes an excellent supper for invalids who are tired of sweets of all kinds.

Buttermilk Pie.

Beat two eggs to a froth, add a tea-cupful of sugar, one table-spoonful of flour, one pint of buttermilk, and a table-spoonful of butter. Whisk all the ingredients together, line a pie-dish with short paste, pour in the custard mixture flavoured to taste, and bake in a steady slow oven till set.

Sponge Roll.

Take a tea-cupful of flour and mix it with a tea-cupful of caster sugar and a tea-spoonful of baking powder. Break two eggs one at a time into a cup, and then slide into the mixture. Beat all well together for five minutes. Grease a Yorkshire pudding tin, spread this batter on it, and bake in a sharp oven for five minutes. (Reply to ENCHOSSED.)

Railway Pudding.

Have a tea-cupful of self-raising flour and work into it one ounce and a half of good beef dripping or butter, add a good pinch of powdered ginger, and a heaped table-spoonful of caster sugar. Beat up an egg with a little milk, and with it mix the dry ingredients into a nice light batter. Bake in a greased pudding dish for three-quarters of an hour. Turn out to serve, and pour round a nice sweet sauce flavoured with grated lemon rind.

Rowan Jelly

Or mountain ash jelly is capital for eating with mutton, venison, and hare. The berries in many places may be gathered on the hedgerows, so the expense is small. First pick the fruit off the stalks. Set in a pan and cover with water. Put the pan on the fire and, as the contents come to the boil, take the fruit, mash it with a wooden spoon, and strain through a jelly bag. Then add one pound of sugar to every pint of juice and boil till it jellies.

This Economical Galantine

Will come in very usefully for your shooting parties. Take half a pound of beef-steak without fat, two ounces of bread-crumbs, four ounces of streaky bacon, pepper, salt, and herbs to season, and two eggs. Put the beef and bacon through the mincing machine, mix with the bread-crumbs, season with salt, pepper, and sweet herbs. Bind all together with beaten egg, form into a smooth roll, tie in a pudding cloth, and boil slowly for two hours. Press till cold, then remove the cloth and brush over with meat glaze. Garnish prettily and serve.

Damson Pickle.

For eight pounds of damsons have four pounds of best brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, and one cupful of mixed whole spices, cinnamon, allspice, and cloves, the latter in a small proportion only. Tie the spices in a bag and boil with the vinegar and sugar. Skim well, then add the fruit. Cook all together for ten minutes or till scalded and tender. Take out the fruit and put it into stone jars. Boil the syrup for five minutes longer and pour over the fruit. The next day pour off the syrup and boil again and do this for four mornings. Keep the bag of spices in the syrup. (Reply to E. PHILLIPS.)

TO WEAR WITH SMART BLOUSES.

THIS is another of the fashionable skirts, with the seam at the centre front. In this case there is a line of stitching on either side of it, this being added before the curved strappings are applied.

To cut this skirt, open out your four yards of forty-two inch material and place the centre front to one of the selvages. A three-corner shaped piece of the pattern will project. Denote this by creasing it, then cut it from just below the hem of the skirt where it curves up, towards the back. This join will occur right across the "tail" of the skirt, near the hem.

Many ladies object to these umbrella skirts, as they argue that the back, being out on the cross, very soon drops. An alternative to this is provided by cutting-out your skirt, seaming it up and putting it in the band some little time before you need it. Provide loops for hanging, at the centre front (where the plaquet is) and at the centre back. Hang that skirt up somewhere handy, and, whenever you pass it, give the hem, at the back, a gentle pull. That will cause it to drop before you take it into wear. When this process has been persevered with for some little time, then, and then only, should the hem be turned up; the exact length being ascertained by measuring first the would-be wearer, then the skirt, from waist, downwards, at centre front, side, and back.

You will need two yards of twenty-two inch satin for the three-and-half-inchings, or seventeen yards ready-pleated two-inch goods.



No. 16677. Paper pattern, 6d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

OLD SHOES FOR GOOD LUCK.

THE children will die before the year is out. Lose the heel of her shoe, one of her children will die before the year is out. The Scotch lassie believes that should she by accident drop her new shoes before they have been worn, they will surely lead her into trouble.

It is said that if old shoes are buried snakes will squirm away from the place, while to keep old shoes that are past wearing about the place will surely bring good luck. Should a young man be careless of his shoelaces, he will be as neglectful of his wife; but in case he loses his shoes, very tight he will be attentive, but very stingy towards her.

Among negroes in the South of America the "old aunties" say that burned shoe soles and feathers are good to cure a cold and cough. Should you meet a person whose shoes are "worn on the toes," you may put it down as a certainty that "he spends as he goes"; and on the same authority that a girl that has her shoes "worn on the side" is surely fated to be a "rich man's bride."

CUPID IN OTHER LANDS.

AMONG the Afghans marriage is a case of purchasing the bride. A rich Afghan marries early, simply because he can afford to pay for a wife, while a poor one often remains single until middle life on account of his inability to purchase.

If the husband dies, and the widow wishes to marry again, she or her friends have to refund the purchase money to the friends of the dead husband. A common custom is for the brother of the deceased to marry the widow. No other person would think of wedding her without first asking the brother's consent.

In China early marriages are the rule. The match is arranged by the parents, and is in the nature of a commercial transaction. The groom is expected to make presents of money and clothes to the bride, who, however, brings no dowry or anything in return.

The calendars are consulted solemnly for lucky days, and the blessings of the tutelary gods sought by various propitiatory measures. If the signs fail to turn out auspiciously, the wedding is postponed again and again. The ceremony of marriage consists in drinking a cup of samahoo together in the nuptial chamber.

DON'T LOSE THE ROMANCE.

LIFE without sentiment is as insipid as a savoury without salt. Yet when people marry they usually "settle down," which means they endeavour to look at everything from the common-sense point of view, and forewear all the delightful nonsense which they indulged in when they were sweethearts.

Is it that rent, taxes, butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker usurp the place given to romance? Or is it that people always grow staler as they grow older?

Is it possible that the wife cares less for love than the sweetheart used to do? Not in her heart of hearts. But, once surrounded by it, she grows unconscious of it, and imagines it no longer of supreme importance, even making the hideous mistake of fancying it can be done without. Familiarity breeds contempt, and so she lightly prizes love to her own undoing.

Stick fast to the high ideals of courting days; don't let yourself be persuaded they are foolish or old-fashioned. Don't, when love becomes a daily certainty, fancy sentiment can be dispensed with, or you will wake up with a start one of these fine days and find to your cost that the future which promised to be so fair is stretching blank and desolate before you, and that your husband, or your wife, as the case may be, bears no resemblance to the sweetheart of years gone by.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

A Good Beefsteak.

However well cooked, will not be at its best unless served directly it is cooked.

Every Saucepan

That has been used and finished with should be filled with cold water, a lump of soda put into it, and set to boil out.

To Utilise Scraps of Lemons.

Having removed the yellow rind, and the juice for flavouring, the pulp should be dipped into salt, and used for cleaning copper pans.

Make Potatoes look White and Fluffy

By boiling in as little water as possible, strain, and take at once to an open door. Give the potatoes a vigorous shake in the pan, let it remain uncovered at the side of the stove for five minutes before serving.

Lamps Should be filled Daily

And the chimneys polished at the same time. Once a month either wash and dry the wick, or have a new one, and you will find that your rejected lamp burns without smoking and gives a good light. (Reply to CLAPHAM READER.)

To Dry Parsley for Winter Use.

Pick the parsley on a dry day and tie it in bunches. Plunge into boiling salted water and cook for three or four minutes. Drain and dry before the fire. Put into dry pickle bottles. When required for use, soak in tepid water for five minutes and serve as usual.

When Baking Apples.

Remember that they are dusty even before they are picked from the trees, and that if bought in a town they are sure to be dusty. Apples, therefore, should always be rinsed before being cooked. Wipe the fruit dry carefully after washing, and cook at once.

For a Sunburnt Neck.

Which, as you say, is very unsightly when evening dress is worn, a very good remedy applied several times a day is lemon juice and lime water in equal parts. With a little care you will soon get rid of the unsightly line you now complain of. (Reply to ULARISSE.)

To Keep Walnuts

From becoming dry, pack them while fresh in earthenware jars, sprinkle with salt, place some damp hay on the top, cover the jars, and keep them in a cool, dark place. Before using, make a brine in the proportion of a tea-spoonful of salt to a pint of water, soak the walnuts in this for twenty-four hours, then dry them in a cloth; walnuts may also be kept in damp sand in a cellar. Dry walnuts may always be freshened by soaking in brine.

Bones for Making Gravy

Should be boiled gently for over six hours, and then strained off. If, when cold, the bones look shiny, they may have more goodness in them, and can be cooked in fresh water, (sufficient to cover only) for a few hours. The bones should never be kept in an iron saucepan, as you suggest, but, when strained from the liquor at night, be placed on a clean dish. After two days' cooking, you will find the bones useless, and I would advise nobody to keep them longer. (Reply to X. Y. Z.)

How to Make an Autumn Coat.

You say you always prefer to make your little daughter's garments yourself, and wish to obtain a good and reliable pattern of a light warm coat that can be used as a wrap over any kind of frock. By purchasing a copy of that invaluable ladies' paper, HOME NOTES, this week, you will be able to obtain the very pattern for which you are seeking, with which full directions as to the best way to place it on the material and to cut it out, are given. It is designed to fit a girl of from six to eight years of age. Much that is of great interest and helpful, such as Helps to Health and Beauty dealing with lumbago, weak wrists, discoloured neck; directions with illustrations of stitches for making a French Glove-case in Germanium Embroidery; Minor Matters for Men, giving novel ideas for making a pretty lamp-stand with illustrations; an interesting article on the training of children, by Edwin Wootton; rules to be observed when ironing, and the folding of garments, which is, of course, the basis of the ironing operations; Household hints and useful hints on Dressmaking, Cookery, etc., are also to be found in HOME NOTES, price one penny. Published on Friday.

SMITH'S WEEKLY readers are getting rich! Another \$125 in cash and gifts offered for Cash Tickets in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY.

HOW EVERY HOUSEWIFE MAY BE A FIRST-AID EXPERT.

Mr. Fred Bannister, of 66 Reddall Road, Old Hill, Staffs., writes:—"I always keep a box of Zam-Buk handy at home and in the mine. I often render first aid to fellow-miners, and find Zam-Buk the ideal dressing for cuts and various wounds. The other day I gave a supply of Zam-Buk to a neighbour whose child had burnt its toe. It effected a quick and perfect healing. A young man in the pit had a nasty cut on his hand. I advised him to use Zam-Buk, and he did so with complete success."



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flesh or fish—Add but this Relish—
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DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet
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Cut Out Now.



P.W.'s Sorting Carriage

THIS week we start a fascinating Football Competition, in which cash prizes to the value of £500 are offered. There is no necessity for you to have a wide and varied knowledge of football in general. All you need do is to get a list of the names of football players. There are many such lists published; or you will find them in your daily or weekly newspaper. With such a list, it is as interesting for a lady to enter the competition as it is for a man who closely follows the game. Each is on an equal footing.

HERE is a tip for cyclists, which has been sent me by a Worcester reader. If, when cycling or walking, it comes on to rain heavily, and you want to get along on your journey, call at the first place you come to and borrow a couple of pieces of brown paper, sufficiently long to cover that part of your leg which gets wet from exposure. If you wrap the paper inside your sock or stocking it will absorb the moisture, and keep you from getting a chill.

ACCORDING to R. H. H. there is room for improvement by railway companies in the direction of special accommodation. As he truly says: "They have compartments for smokers and for ladies, they have special cars for sleeping and others for dining. Why don't they have one for children only? Little ones not only get tired and peevish on a long railway journey, but they become a positive nuisance to everybody in the compartment. If the companies could supply a proper car to all their long-distance trains, with a suitable staff of nurses to look after the little ones, it would be greatly appreciated by all the travelling public." This sounds all right in theory, but I doubt if it would work out in practice. I have yet to meet the mother of a family who would allow her precious offspring to be separated from her on a railway journey and handed over to the tender mercies of a strange nurse. Even the novelty of new toys would not keep the average child quiet in the absence of someone it knows; and if parents were also allowed in the car, the whole idea would be missed.

A young reader, who signs himself ANTI-FLIRT, approaches me with the following problem. He says: "Twelve months ago I was away at the seaside with a friend of mine, when he made the acquaintance of a very nice girl. He gave her a wrong name, and under that name was introduced to her father. Three months ago her father died, and I chided him with the fact that he had let the poor old fellow go to his grave without knowing the real name of the man who was courting his daughter. He appeared to be conscience-stricken, and confessed to the girl, who apparently forgave him. Everything seemed to be going along swimmingly until last Saturday, when I received a letter from her (the first she has ever written to me), in which she asks me point-blank if my friend is a flirt. Now my position is this: I know that my friend is a flirt, and that his nature is a deceitful one. If I tell her so, I shall not be a true friend to him, and shall probably separate them, and make them both miserable. On the other hand, I do not care to tell a lie to this girl and let him continue deceiving her. Do you know of a way out of the difficulty?" The whole thing turns on the meaning of the word "flirt." I think it would be unfair and unkind to your friend to brand him definitely as a flirt. Opinions as to what is actually flirting differ with nearly everybody. Your duty is to let the girl know what he has done to justify your regarding him as a flirt. If she, too, regards him in the same light, then she will be well rid of him. If, on the other hand, she doesn't consider what he has done to be flirting, then she will enter into an engagement, at all events with her eyes open.

As the result of publishing the article by "Game-keeper" on the subject of pheasant shooting, I have incurred the wrath of a reader associated with a Naturalist Association. "I should like," he says, "to know if gamekeepers and others who shoot ever give a thought to the birds themselves. Perhaps they do not know that the birds are there for some other purpose than to be shot at for the sake of 'sport.' In the case of pheasants and partridges, the birds are hatched under hens, carefully fed and tended day by day, until they become as tame as the hens themselves. Then when the shooting season begins, they are butchered by those to whom they look for protection. In the case of plovers, snipe, curlews, wild duck, and larks, it is far more cruel, for the farmer has no better friends. They eat only grubs and insects which damage the corn. It does not strike gamekeepers that Nature intended the 'vermin' (stoats, weasels, rats, hedgehogs, crows, etc.) to keep the number of birds down, and not man." The question as to the cruelty or otherwise of shooting birds for

sport is one on which there will always be a considerable amount of difference of opinion. Personally, I think that the slaughter of inoffensive creatures for no other reason than to give pleasure to an idle class of men is no sport at all; it is merely butchery. The sole reason why men go out with guns and shoot birds, is to be able to brag about the number they have killed. If it were for the physical benefits derived from the open-air exercise, then such exercise could be obtained in a number of other and less harmful ways. If the charm of the business is aiming at and striking a flying object, then there is the clay pigeon. I think that men who take their lives in their hands and go abroad and shoot big game, exhibit those fine qualities of a love of sport, combined with danger, that has made the British nation what it is. But for great grown-up men to arm themselves with fowling-pieces, and to set out with the deliberate intention of hitting a miserable little bird that can't hit back, is the lowest type of alleged sport it is possible to imagine. Prize-fighting is splendid compared with it. There is something fine about a couple of men in the pink of condition, starting on level terms, and slogging at one another until one is beaten. But you never find a man who goes shooting little birds with a gun ever runs any greater risk than spraining his ankle in a rabbit-hole, or scratching his face with a bramble thorn.

ASHAMED is a young lady who recently met a young man, with whose appearance she was rather struck. The young man in question seemed anxious to make her acquaintance, and one morning approached her and raised his hat, obviously thinking that she would acknowledge his salute with a smile. She goes on to say: "Instead of this, I cut him dead, and ignored him completely. I don't know why, as I am really not averse to him; but I was rather taken by surprise. I am very sorry for him, and I want to know how I can convey this to him without compromising my dignity. I don't think he will try to speak to me again, as he apparently avoids me." While you are to be sympathised with, you were perfectly justified in refraining from acknowledging him when he attempted to speak to you without an introduction. This may seem very stiff and formal, but it is an excellent custom, which safeguards girls like yourself from the attentions of men whom they may not like. As I assume that you have not male relations through whom you can secure an introduction, I can only suggest that, when next you see him in the street, you drop your handkerchief or handbag (quite accidentally, of course), so as to give him an opportunity of returning it to you. Then you can give him your best and most winning smile. I remember a very similar case to yours occurring some years ago, when the young lady got out of her difficulty by slipping on a piece of orange peel (which wasn't there), just as the young man was passing. But she rather overdid it, as the sudden jar really did sprain her ankle. However, they are married now, and regard the affair as a huge joke—the ankle-spraining, not the marriage.

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SOLUTIONS TO "NUTS TO CRACK."

(See page 215.)

AN ENIGMA.

SHARPEN your wits till they are keen,
Then see if you can guess
What word is that I have seen,
And spell it with an s!

This is solved by *Is*—it spells with an s!

A QUAIN INSCRIPTION.

THE millers leave the mill,
The wherryman lower their sail;
The maltsters leave the kiln,
For a drop of the "White Swan's" ale.

MISSING WORDS.

THE missing words are—I, is, ind, Edin, deign, design, singled, loadings, six-angled.

THE EXPLOSIVE RAFT.

PLACE the little raft on a wineglass, and apply a lighted match to one of its corners. The tension on its parts will cause the whole construction to fly asunder as soon as the pressure on any point is removed.

CROSSING THE CARPET.

I REACH the end of the carpet in 43 seconds. In three steps I advance 6ft. Then in two steps I retrace 4ft., gaining only 2ft. In five steps, i.e., in five seconds, I, therefore, advance 16ft. in 40 seconds, and three more strides cover the remaining 4ft.

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PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 20 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have only paid a twelve-month subscription to *Pearson's Weekly* in advance to their newsagent or to the Publishers, need not during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or send the paper on their return. It is only necessary to forward the newspaper's receipt to the Corporation with a post in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of the Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 85 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signatures

Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, September 27th, 1903, until midnight, Friday, October 2nd, 1903.

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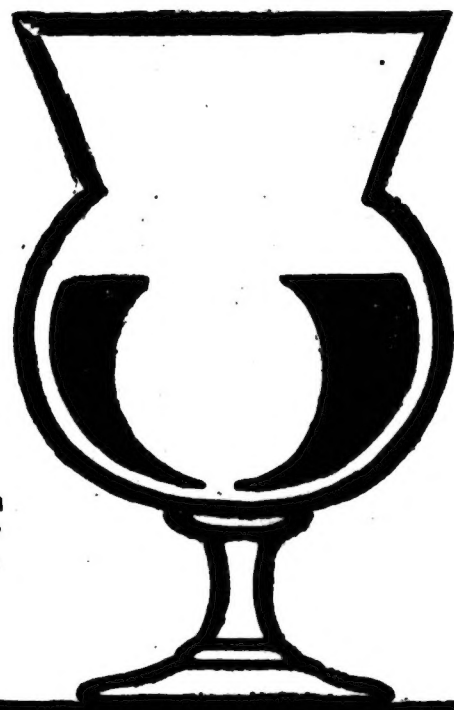
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